

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 364

Week Ending
MARCH 6, 1926

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Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

THE HORSE'S HEAD ON A DORSET BONE

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SOVEREIGNS FOR SIXPENCES

AND WHERE TO GET THEM

A Lost Ship Yields Up Its Store of Gold

MEN OF THE OCEAN BED

If a man stood on London Bridge offering sovereigns for sixpences he would have to wait there a long time before getting rid of his stock unless the police moved him on; it is said that a man once found it impossible to sell them at twopence each.

But they are cheap enough on the ocean bed after a war. The *Laurentic*, which sank with £5,000,000 of gold outside Lough Swilly in North Ireland in 1917, has at last turned over that amount to the British nation, charging only £138,000 for it, or about sixpence each.

Hard Work on the Ocean Floor

The ship with her treasure went down in a gale and lay 120 feet below the waves two miles from land. The gold-seekers were soon after her on the *Racer*, a salvage vessel of 1000 tons, with fifty men under Commander Damant, himself a diver, who knew what the difficulties were. These increased as the weeks grew into months and years. When the divers had their first sight of the sunken *Laurentic* she lay heeled over on her side on the sandy ocean floor. They blew a hole in her side near the strong room.

After that the foreman diver crawled through and up one passage and down another, unscrewed some nuts on the hinges of the strong room, and there lay the treasure in its boxes. Easy!

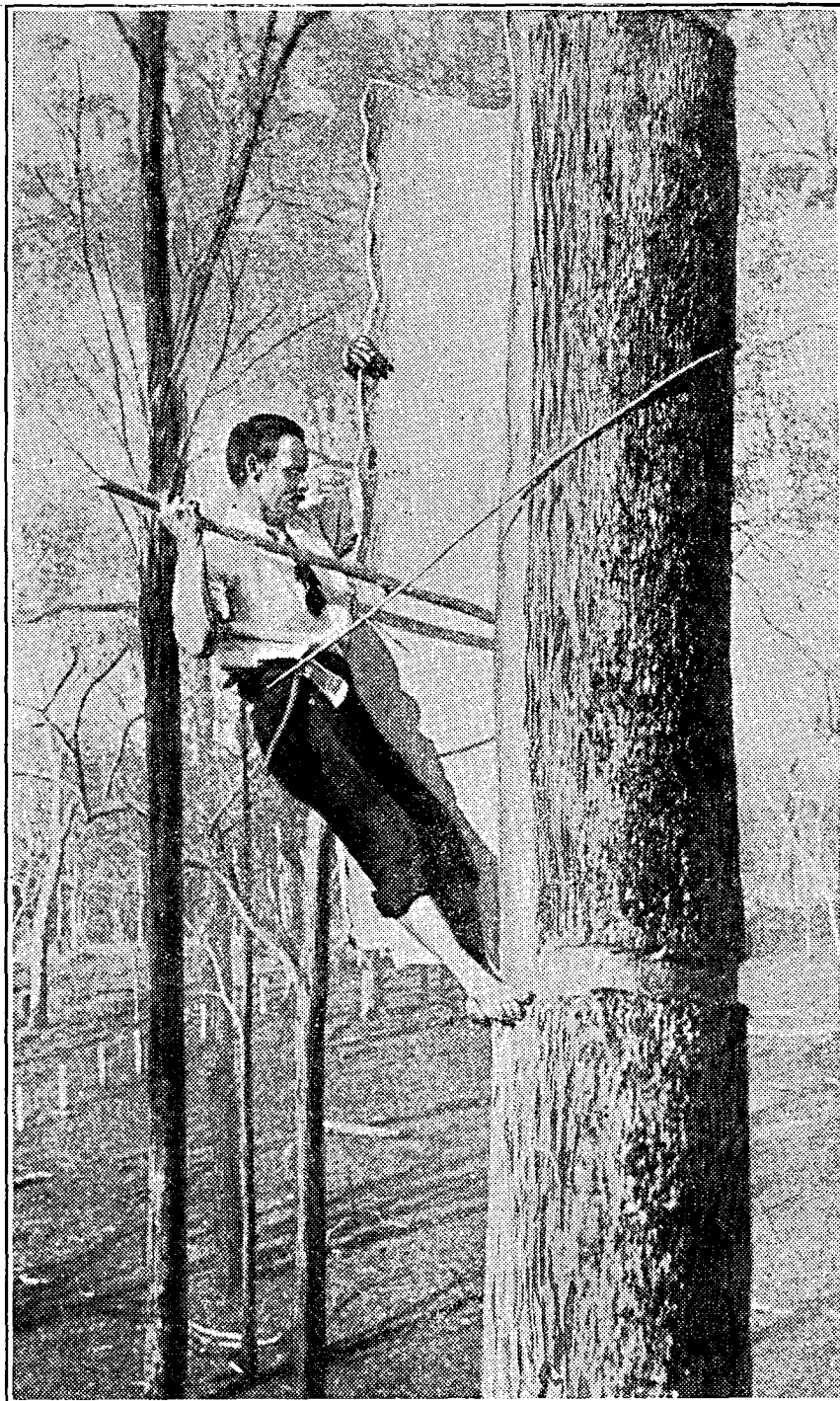
Easier in the telling than in the doing, with 120 feet of water overhead, with darkness around, with the heavy pressure due to depth, and the air compression in the lungs. But a harder task was to come. The diver had to crawl up the steep slope of the passage pushing the box of gold in front of him. Only one box was got out the first day, three more the next. Then the Atlantic took a hand.

Ship Crushed Flat

A great gale blew from the west for a week, and all the salvage men saw of the *Laurentic* was pieces of the deck going ashore. Something must have happened to the ship. It had. The next diver who went down found that the ship had collapsed like a house of cards. There was no hollow interior any longer. A way had to be blasted to the strong room. Recovery of the gold there grew slower and slower, though a million pounds' worth was salvaged before 1917 ended. That was the quickest pace the divers were ever able to set.

There was a long interval in which nothing was done. In 1919 work began again, and in that year and the two following a little gold was got out, but not much. When the ship collapsed

A Tree and its Bark



This Queensland bushman is removing the bark of a very tall tree in large slabs, levering it off with a wooden crowbar cut from the tree itself

under water one part of the gold was fairly accessible, the other part was buried under a ten-foot mass of wreckage which the sand cemented every day. There was no way of getting the sand away except by scooping it with the bare hands.

This cruel work was made a little easier by loosening the sand with a jet of water pumped down from the *Racer's* deck through a fire hose. For five years the divers scooped and groped, with bad luck the first two years, but with such success in the later three that at the end of 1924 there was only a hundredth part of the gold left in the sand. But by that time the sand had beaten them. There remain a few fragments of detail in the

story to be gathered up. There was not one accident, though a mishap in which a man who was groping upside down and found his diver's trousers filling with air nearly became one. The air floated him toward the surface, still upside down, and he was caught against one of the lashings of an air-pipe. He told of his plight through his telephone, asking those above to be quick because water was coming into his helmet. They sent another diver, and both got safely back.

The compression was so great that a diver could work no more than half-an-hour below at a time; and what that compression amounted to is shown by the fact that some of the gold bars recovered had pebbles driven into them.

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST RABBIT

TRACKING IT TO ITS LAIR

A Pet of the Governor of New South Wales?

ITS OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY

It is becoming almost as hard to settle who settled the first rabbit in Australia as to unsettle the millions of its descendants now they are no longer welcome.

First the distinction was claimed by Mr. J. R. Collinson, who mentioned it in his will. Then Mr. C. J. Thatcher put back the clock a few years beyond Mr. Collinson's date, and asserted that his father introduced rabbits into Victoria at the request of the Acclimatisation Society in 1863, afterwards releasing them into the bush and receiving a medal for presenting the country with rabbits at the fourth attempt.

A Matter of Doubt

Australian farmers and graziers who learn from the figures supplied by Sir G. Knibbs, the Commonwealth statistician, that the English rabbit has cost them more than the National Debt must often wish that Mr. Thatcher had made only three attempts, but it is not certain, after all, that he ought to have received the medal.

He may have taken the rabbits by sea to Melbourne, and in their ignorance of the future his friends were probably justified in seeing that he was suitably rewarded. But were the rabbits he loosed near Black Spur the same as those which swept down on Victoria like the devastating hot north wind which fires the forests? There is much reason to doubt it.

Rabbits were in Australia before either Mr. Collinson or Mr. Thatcher was born. Governor Philip of New South Wales kept them, and entered in the official catalogue of Government House belongings on May 1, 1788, this item: *Five rabbits, three property of the Governor, two property of staff.* Other colonists bred rabbits for food, sheep and oxen not being plentiful.

Trekking in Millions

The official birthday of the Australian rabbit is therefore May Day, and there are reasons to suppose that nearly a hundred of these birthdays went by before, in the eighties of last century, the rabbit became a pest. In the early days they were not such enterprising migrants as they afterwards became, and their multiplying power could not have been so great. Presumably the early rabbit settlers had to get used to the food and the climate. Having done so, they spread due north from Sydney, and then, having explored New South Wales, turned again to come back through Victoria from north to south. Afterwards they trekked in their millions to the west.

POOR GUTENBERG'S RICHES

**Centuries Too Late
THOUSANDS OF POUNDS
FOR A BIBLE**

An American dealer, Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, of Philadelphia, has thought enough of a Bible to pay £21,800 for it at an auction.

This is said to be the highest price ever paid for any printed book, and even America, so lavish with her purse when she sets out to buy the world's treasures, is amazed.

This Bible is, indeed, in the front rank of the world's treasures. It was printed at Mainz, in Germany, in 1455 by Johann Gutenberg, who is generally called the father of printing and is said by his countrymen to be the inventor of movable type.

The First Book

Gutenberg's original Bible is a great volume of 641 folio pages, and is the first Bible, and probably the first book, ever printed, as the leaflets and pages that appeared before it can hardly be called books in the true sense. Gutenberg and his business partner, Johann Fust, had been working together for some years, experimenting at their new and wonderful trade, before they set up this famous Bible.

Fust was a rich goldsmith who had found the money to establish a printing-press. Gutenberg himself had been a gifted stone-cutter and mirror-polisher, a man very clever with his hands. The printing craft absorbed him completely, and we can imagine him poring over the gleaming wet sheets of the great Bible as they came out of the press.

A Treasure from Austria

There are several perfect copies of this Bible known to collectors, besides a number of imperfect ones. The one bought by Dr. Rosenbach, a perfect copy, has been for 300 years one of the treasures of the Benedictine Abbey of Melk, in Austria.

It is good to think that so much money can be spent on beautiful things, and how amazed poor Gutenberg would have been had anyone foretold him of such an event! Riches were unknown to him; he could not even find the money to set up his first press, and afterwards he got into trouble and was sued at law because he could not refund the goldsmith the money he had advanced. But, as with all great artists, his wealth was in his labour, and he asked nothing more of life than to work.

SIX FEET SHORT

**Charterhouse Makes a Sad
Discovery**

At Charterhouse the groundsman marks out the cricket pitch of 22 yards with unfailing regularity, but when somebody marked out the 25 yards of the miniature rifle range some years ago, they missed out two yards, and left it at 23.

This might be taken to show how superior the arts of peace are to those of war, but the effect of this odd blunder may be to deprive some 300 deserving marksmen of Charterhouse of honours they won in competition.

A competition was instituted eleven or twelve years ago among Public Schools for miniature range shooting at 25 yards. The winners were judged on aggregate results at their various ranges, and the Charterhouse shots were first several times, and for eleven years won a place in the competition. But if they had a range only 23 yards long they never won at all, because they were actually shooting six feet short of the regulation distance. The commandant of the Charterhouse contingent of the O.T.C. himself has written to suggest that the victories should be cancelled and the medals returned.

ENGLAND'S WHITE FRONT GATE

**BLACK COUNTRY TO RISE
BEHIND IT?**

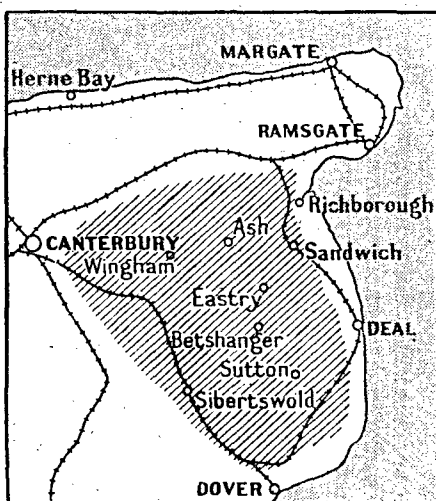
**Development of the Great
Kent Coalfield**

EIGHT NEW TOWNS

The development of the East Kent coalfield, which is dealt with in an interesting article in the C.N. monthly for February, has now become a leading topic in the papers.

The Government has guaranteed a loan of two millions for the work, and the great firm of Pearson and Dorman Long is getting busy.

The area affected is that within the Canterbury-Ramsgate-Dover triangle, and the development will be in the working of iron ore and the production of electric power as well as in coal, with the result that, whereas only 1300 men are employed and only two pits are at work today, it is estimated



The Coalfield of East Kent

that there will eventually be twenty collieries, giving employment to 180,000 pit workers, while 28,000 steel workers and about 70,000 others will also be provided for.

In this transformation of the Garden of England eight new towns will arise, with populations varying from 5000 to 30,000; but steps have been taken to prevent the ruin of the district by smoke and to prevent also the overcrowding and other undesirable associations of the Black Country.

If there are any C.N. readers who have not read the long and fully illustrated article in My Magazine on this great event of our generation they should do so now.

DEATH IN THE TOY

A Warning for the Nursery

One more little baby has been sacrificed on the altar of Celluloid, concerning which the C.N. appealed to the Government the other day.

A toy parrot made of celluloid, swinging over a child's perambulator, was set on fire in play and a little girl six months old was burned to death.

The C.N., which rarely deals with such sad things, does so once more in the hope that all its readers will use their influence to stop the growing scandal of the sale of celluloid toys for little children to play with.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aletschhorn	... Ah-lech-horn
Calliope	... Kal-ly-o-pe
Cimabue	... Che-mah-booy
Euterpe	... U-ter-pe
Finsterarhorn	... Fin-ster-ar-horn
Melpomene	... Mel-pom-e-ne
Peruzzi	... Pay-root-se
Terpsichore	... Terp-sik-o-re

THE MAN WHO HELPED THE HELPLESS

**WILLIAM WHEATLEY
AND HIS WORK**

**Twenty Thousand Good Deeds
in a Year**

THE PRISON GATE FRIEND

It would be difficult indeed to name any man who has helped a greater number of helpless people than William Morter Wheatley, who has just died at almost 88.

Born in Cripplegate in 1838, he became a gold-beater by trade, but he soon grew interested in the mission work carried on in John Howard's old chapel off Drury Lane, and with two other men he established St. Giles's Mission.

Fifty years ago he handed over his business to his son and devoted his whole time to the mission, of which he remained superintendent till his death.

Another Chance

His great work was in saving young people from gaol. It is said that in fifty years ten thousand juvenile offenders passed through his hands. Always his endeavour was to secure for them another chance, and prevent them from becoming gaolbirds. Gradually he gained the help and confidence of judges and magistrates, and it was largely due to his efforts that Parliament passed the First Offenders Act in 1887 and the Probation of Offenders Act in 1907, by which the deliberate manufacture of criminals was largely put an end to.

Another great work associated with his name is his Prison Gate Mission. At first, as he and his assistants waited morning after morning in the cold dawn to greet and help time-expired prisoners as they walked out into a hostile or indifferent world, little enough encouragement was to be obtained from prison authorities, but gradually the value of his work was recognised, and in the end he had not to wait outside, but was given the run of the prisons.

An Invitation Card

What must it not have meant to these waifs of our civilisation to be met with a cheery word and an offer of help to start again as the mockery of freedom became theirs once more?

Dear Friend, You are cordially invited to partake of coffee and bread-and-butter, free of charge, at the Mission House, opposite the prison gate on the right.

So ran the invitation card handed to every prisoner as he emerged. Twenty thousand cases a year have been dealt with in this way, and who shall say how great a share of the credit for the great reduction of crime belongs to the activities which William Wheatley set afoot?

And now he is gone. But his work goes on, and his children and his friends are pledged to see that it shall not flag.

1000 SHIPS RUNNING NEEDLESS RISK

A Wireless Strike

It was announced the other day that over a thousand ships were then at sea without wireless operators because of a dispute about wages. Happily the strike is now settled, and all is well again.

Many of the big boats, such as those of the Cunard, Union-Castle, and Blue Funnel lines, had operators on board, because they had not reduced the wages, but that did not make them safe, for their safety depend on their signals being heard by others. We saw during the terrible storms of a few weeks ago how important that is.

It seems clear that in trades on which the safety of life depends strikes should be forbidden by law.

THE CRY FROM SOLOMON'S POOL

**URTAS AND ITS APPEAL
TO CAESAR**

**The Holy City and the Village
Spring**

PRIVY COUNCIL'S DECISION

Jerusalem is to have its water supply from Urtas Springs. That is the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on this weighty matter.

It has been explained in the C.N. how the supply of water from Solomon's Pool ran short last year and Jerusalem was threatened with a water famine; and how the High Commissioner allowed the municipality to take water from the springs at the village of Urtas.

The villagers objected that the water was theirs, and that the High Commissioner had no right to give it to anyone else. They went to law, and the Supreme Court of Palestine gave judgment in their favour. When the municipality appealed to London they contended that the Privy Council had no more right to interfere than the High Commissioner.

A Wrong Judgment

After taking time to consider the matter the Privy Council has decided that the League's Mandate gives power to the King in Council to sanction laws of this kind, and to the Council to interpret them. It disagrees with the Jerusalem authorities in their contention that the Palestine Court had no right to sit in judgment on the matter, but it thinks the High Court came to a wrong decision.

If the High Commissioner thought Jerusalem needed the water, and that Urtas could spare it, he had a perfect right, says the Privy Council, to act on that belief, especially as he provided that the villagers should be compensated for any loss.

The villagers have lost their case, but they have had a fair and careful hearing by the highest Bench of Judges in the Empire.

THINGS SAID

Only Christianity will ever be able to kill war. *Rev. Samuel Palmer*

More barges are now being towed by tugs than by horses. *A Canal Boat Inspector*

In the House of Lords six Scotsmen helped to administer the English law, with four Englishmen doing their best to keep them straight. *Lord Buckmaster*

I, who earned my first shilling as a worker in the field, hear no better tidings than the awakening of the farm labourer to be a man. *Mr. Ramsay MacDonald*

It is said that films do not appeal to educated people, and certainly, to judge by the posters, the standard must be low. *Mr. Norman Wilkinson*

If more public school boys with a liking for their fellows would enter big industries they might render the greatest services possible in humanising industry. *Mr. Cyril Norwood*

There is no harm in any eccentricity of dress provided the wearer does his work in the world and pretends to be no grander than he is. *The Times*

Once a man gets it into his head that everybody else on the road is going to do the wrong thing he is comparatively safe. *Judge Staveley-Hill*

When I go to see my 65 nephews they don't think much of it if I do not give them ten shillings each. *The Bishop of London*

When I hear complaints about congestion in Sauchiehall Street I tell Glasgow people to go to London to see how real congestion is handled, and with such perfect good temper. *Lord Provost of Glasgow*

JAPAN'S OLD STATESMEN

The Only Survivor of the Genro

OTHER DAYS AND OTHER WAYS

When the Japanese Prime Minister died not long ago the Prince Regent sent the Deputy Chamberlain to consult the venerable Prince Saionji as to the choice of a successor. And thereby hangs a tale.

Prince Saionji, who is 86, is the last of the celebrated Genro, or Elder Statesmen, whose leadership made the greatness of modern Japan. When the Emperor established a Parliament the Genro remained between the Parliament and the throne, and it has always been on their advice that the Prime Minister has been chosen. Popular opinion has been more and more opposed to this plan, and it would probably have been altered long ago but for two things.

One is that as Parliament grew stronger the Genro inclined more and more to advise the choice of a man in whom Parliament had confidence; and the other is that through lack of fresh appointments the number of the Genro has been getting smaller. Even sixteen years ago there were only four. Prince Saionji was added later, and now he alone survives and the consultation can be little more than a formality. So grows democracy!

Prince Saionji was the great Prince Ito's companion 45 years ago, when he visited Europe and America on behalf of the Emperor to study democratic institutions before the great change in Japan. He was made a prince in 1920.

THE HOUSEMAID'S FRIEND

Cups and Saucers that Will Not Break

On both sides of the Atlantic elaborate experiments are being carried out to find out how to make china that will not break. The end is not in sight, but at least it is being discovered what sort of china is least likely to break.

Our experts claim that British china-ware now lasts longer than that of any other country; that is to say it stands better the four tests they apply to it: a sort of hammer swung on a pendulum, piled weights, hot water, and hot ovens. Americans, however, make high claims for their products too.

In the laboratory of the American Bureau of Standards the most elaborate crockery-breaking experiments are being carried out at the request of the American Hotel Association and the American Army catering department. There, too, they have the pendulum hammer, which registers the exact amount of swing required by the hammer to break each specimen tested. Another appliance measures wind pressure on window glass. In another machine a beam on a pivot has a bucket at one end into which small shots flow steadily, thus gradually increasing the pressure of the other end against the glass to be tested. When the glass breaks the bucket falls and hits a tap which turns off the flow of shot.

Special efforts have been made in both countries to find a durable glaze, and much has been done to prevent that cracking which makes the surface look like cobweb, due to the plunging of hot plates into cold water or cold plates into hot water.

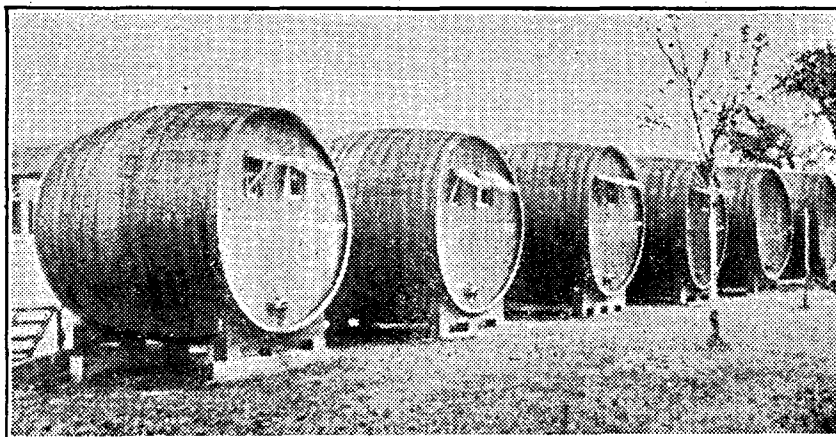
LIFEBOAT RADIO

A Wonderful Little Set

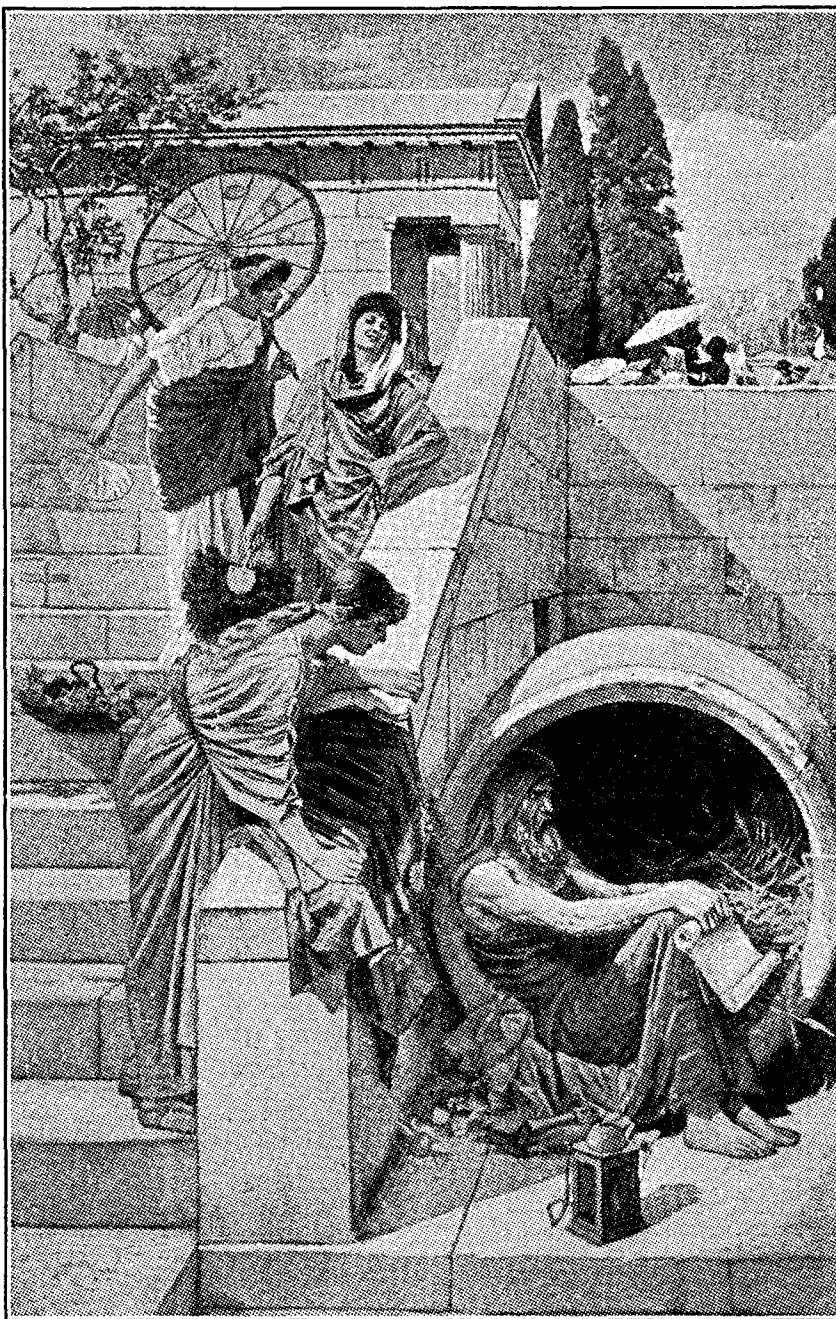
A wonderful little waterproof radio transmitting set has been invented for use in lifeboats.

The parts are all enclosed to prevent damage by water, and the vent through which the operator manages the set is protected by a rubber sleeve which he pulls over his arm.

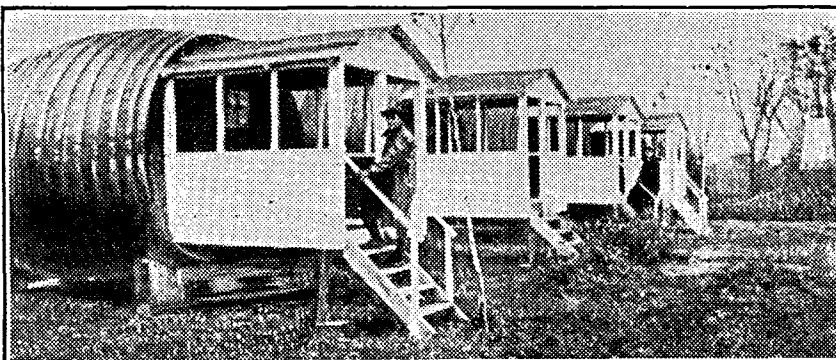
OLD AND NEW DIOGENES



The tub homes of the modern Diogenes



Diogenes, the old Greek cynic, in his tub



The front doors and porches of the tub homes

We laugh at old Diogenes, the Greek philosopher, for living in a tub, but there are modern Diogenes, for at Vermilion, in Ohio, U.S.A., a row of tub dwelling-houses has just been built. They are made of solid oak, the staves being three inches thick and the 14 iron hoops for each cask weighing 1250 pounds. Inside there are folding tables and seats to economise space.

The picture of Diogenes above is from the painting by J. W. Waterhouse, R.A., in the National Gallery, Sydney.

LOSS OF A LANDSEER

THE ARTIST AND THE LIONS

Chief Portrait Painter to the King of Beasts

A LION IN A CAB

Among the pictures destroyed in the calamitous fire at Oulton Park, in Cheshire, was one of much less value than the masterpieces yet possessing an interest for all who cherish the work of Landseer. It was called "The Cat Disturbed" and possessed a sort of distinction from the fact that it represented one of the few attempts of the great animal painter to depict the domestic puss.

Lions, deer, dogs, horses, birds, and other creatures of the wilds he loved to paint, and he could dash them off with bewildering facility; but cats very rarely engaged his brush. He was fond of them as pets, but not as models.

Tribute of Grief to Art

Yet the kings and princes of the tribe he loved to paint, and his lions, tigers, and leopards brought him such fame in youth that his wise old father protested that too much was written of the boy's work. He spent all his leisure at the Tower of London, which then had a menagerie. There the lad made countless studies of the caged beasts.

The keeper of the lions was his special friend, patron, and admirer. One day young Landseer heard that his friend's wife had been terribly mauled by one of the lions, so, before settling down to work, he went to offer his sympathy to the keeper.

"It's true, my lad," was the answer, "that my wife has been terribly hurt, but your drawing must be done; go on with it, and do not mind me." This was the tribute of grief to Art.

Lion Reared by a Dog

The study of the lion became almost a passion with the artist; he studied the animal in life, he dissected it in death, and knew every pose, every movement, and every bone and muscle of its body.

One of his lion pictures had a history. Sailors found a cub on an African coast and took it on board their ship, where it was reared by a motherly dog. When the creature grew to maturity it retained all its youthful affection for its foster-mother; the two lived together and were exhibited in company and painted by Landseer.

One day Lord Wemyss was posing for the artist when a servant opened the studio door and, mysteriously approaching his master, said: "Did you order a lion, sir?" "Oh, yes, bring it in," answered Landseer.

In Trafalgar Square

It was a dead lion from the Zoo, sent round in a cab, and from its body Landseer made his model for the magnificent lions at the base of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square. He had the work in hand for eight years, and was paid a fee of £6000, while £11,000 was the price of casting the giants in bronze. Each lion is 20 feet long, 11 feet high, and weighs seven tons.

Physically the lions are found to be perfect in every detail; their grandeur is marked by a mighty simplicity, and critics have said that if they had been erected in the Egyptian desert they would have attracted sightseers from all parts of the world.

"That's my model," said Landseer, pointing to a favourite cat in the studio when a friend found him working at his lion. That, however, was only his fun. He did very little work on cats; that is why the loss of this rarity in the Oulton Park fire will be specially regretted.

A DORSET BONE

WHAT ABOUT IT?

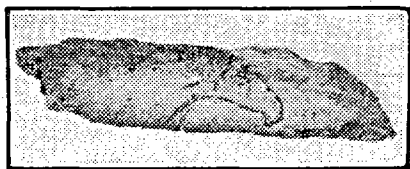
A Very Curious Story of a Horse's Head

GEOLOGICAL PUZZLE FOR PROFESSORS

Lying on the conference table for the discussion of geologists who are learned in remains of ancient animals is a bone—a bone of contention.

It was found some fourteen years ago near Sherborne School in Dorset. So far all are agreed, and nobody denies that scratched on this bone, which is part of the rib of a horse, is the outline of a horse's head. There agreement ceases.

Sir Arthur Smith Woodward, the geologist who placed the Piltdown skull in the Natural History Museum while he was director there, and told the world all that is known of the ancient man to whom it belonged, thought the Dorset bone was that of a wild horse which lay down to die somewhere between thirty and fifty thousand years ago, and that some ancient hunter of



The drawing on the bone

that day scratched on it the horse's head, just as other artist-hunters did when the Reindeer Men dwelled in the caves beside the river-valleys of mid-France. One of the most famous carvings in the world came from those caves; it shows a horse's head, and is the work of some artist of a race of men whose skill vanished with themselves and was not revived till many thousands of years afterwards.

Did one of that old race cut the horse's head on the Dorset bone? Professor Woodward thought that he might have done so, especially as the drawing is rather like another, also on a bone, found in the Creswell Crag caves of Derbyshire. He told the Geological Society that it *might* be so.

Tale of Two Schoolboys

Now comes another authority, Professor Sollas of Oxford, who has sought all over the world for material about ancient hunters and their modern representatives; and Professor Sollas declares that it is not an ancient bone at all, and that the drawing is still less that of an ancient vanished race. The bone, he says, was found by two schoolboys near a rubbish heap on the Bristol Road, and they mischievously copied a drawing of the Creswell Crag horse and scratched it on the bone.

They found the drawing in Professor Boyd Dawkins's book on Early Man in Britain, which was lying about in Sherborne School Museum, and thought to play a joke on the science master. Professor Sollas got this information from Mr. C. J. Bayzand, who was at the school then, and who confirms it.

Found Under the Deanery

But where are these two young imps? One is dead; the other, Mr. Arnaldo Cortesi, writes to Sir A. Smith Woodward to say that he did find the bone, with the drawing already on it. He was too young to know anything about palaeolithic drawings or to take part in any such trick, and the "find" was quite genuine. There the matter rests.

The C.N. is inclined to believe that the bone is genuine, though we remember the story of the bones the Dean of St. Paul's sent the other day to Sir Arthur Keith. They were found under the deanery, and Dean Inge thought they might be the bones of an old dean. Sir Arthur Keith examined them, however, and assured the Dean that the bones were not the bones of a dean of St. Paul's, but of a Roman dog!

WONDERFUL NEWS ABOUT AN EGG

Professor Barcroft has been talking to the wise men of the Royal Institution about eggs, and we imagine that no wise man in this great place heard him without astonishment as he unfolded wonder upon wonder.

THE mystery of the egg, said the Professor, was one of the profoundest mysteries known to man, though it looked so simple.

There was a little vessel called the ovary in the interior of the bird, or frog, or what one would, for all animals produced eggs, though they did not all lay them. This ovary was covered by a delicate skin, so fragile that it was very frequently removed when the ovary was touched. The skin was only of the thickness of one layer of small cells and was composed of thousands of these placed side by side. The cells had a nucleus, but no apparent structure, yet each of these, presumably could grow into an individual. By successive division and growth it could develop into a body with different parts, arms, legs, eyes, and could transmit the properties of the parent from which it sprang.

True, in animal life as in plant life, before this development took place the

cell must meet and coalesce with another cell. This second cell seemed no more complicated than the other, but in it, too, were bound up the properties of the other, so that the offspring, even though he had never seen his parent, might have the same sort of voice and the same tricks of manner.

By the time a chick was hatched its ovary already contained all the eggs it would ever lay. These existed in a minute form. The greater part of the yolk was manufactured in the days immediately before the egg was laid. The remaining stages in the formation of the egg took place very rapidly.

In the last days of incubation some very remarkable changes took place. Up to that time the chick had been a cold-blooded animal; it took on the temperature of its surroundings. Cool the egg and one cooled the chick. But just before hatching the chick refused to be cooled; it kept up its own temperature. Lastly, just before hatching, the chick acquired powers which made it immune from disease. A day before hatching no sort of disease would grow in the chick, and even if it were there it would be killed.

SAINT MARTIN OF SAINT MARTIN'S

We are glad to print this true story of a little thing one of our correspondents chronicled the other day. Let us be thankful that such things are always happening in this good and generous world.

THE other day I saw a modern St. Martin. He was at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

He was not, like St. Martin of old, clad in armour and seated on a horse; he was clad in a rough suit, with a scarf round his neck and holes in his boots.

By trade he was a coster and by temperament an optimist; for who but an optimist would stock his barrow on so cold a morning with such a summer fruit as the banana? It should be mentioned, too, that he had a very old cap and a pair of new woollen gloves. So much for the Saint.

Now let me introduce to you the Beggar. He stands in Trafalgar Square, just by the steps of the National Gallery, and has stood there for a long, long time. His face is turned up to the sky, as if praying that a ray of light will penetrate his blindness.

On this cold morning the beggar looked distressingly cold, and I paused on the other side of the road, wondering whether I could (or should) do anything for him. Meanwhile the Cynic within me awoke. "H'm!" said my Cynic. "That fellow's got a very good stand; shouldn't be surprised if he makes more

money than you do; thousands go by the National Gallery, most of them with money in their pockets and softness in their hearts."

"But," I replied, "if he had plenty of money surely he would buy himself some gloves? His hands are blue with cold."

Mr. Cynic smiled.

"What! And spoil his appeal to the sentimentality of passers-by? He is much too clever for that!"

While I stood arguing with my Cynic the good St. Martin left his barrow and crossed over to the beggar. There was a short conversation, and suddenly St. Martin took off his woollen gloves and, looking round as if afraid to be observed, drew them over the hands of the blind man. He then slipped back to his barrow.

I felt a little uncomfortable and ashamed of my Cynic. I had been weighed in the balance against the coster and had come out rather badly. In my most generous moment I had only intended to drop a coin into the beggar's box, whereas the coster's gift not only involved some personal discomfort, but showed the quality of sympathy, which must be more precious to the blind man than many coins. I did the only thing that was left to me; I bought some bananas.

THE LITTLE ISLANDS AND THE WAR

EVERY man, woman, and child in Britain is paying on the average £8 a year toward the cost of the war.

Jersey and Guernsey have made one payment each of £100,000, and the Isle of Man has added £20,000 a year to its pre-war contribution of £10,000. What more ought they to pay?

The Privy Council recently appointed a Committee to talk the matter over with the islanders, and the Committee has made its report. It suggests that Jersey should pay £2 9s. od. a head, Guernsey £1 19s. od., and the Isle of Man £2.

That is to say, Jersey should pay £120,000 a year for a hundred years, Guernsey £75,000 for the same period, and Man £100,000 for fifty years and £50,000 for another fifty years. We have yet to see what they will reply, but when the Committee visited the

islands, Jersey made a "final offer" of £300,000 in a lump sum, in addition to what she has already paid. Guernsey offered £220,000.

We pay 4s. in the pound in income tax, whereas the Isle of Man has a shilling income tax, Guernsey has one of 4d., and Jersey has none at all. And their other taxes are far, far below ours. Jersey receives in war pensions many times more than the annual value of the total contribution she now offers.

The Committee says there are a few wealthy individuals who have moved from England to Jersey for no other apparent purpose than to get out of paying for the war, and it urges strongly that some way should be found of making them pay their share.

We shall all await the reply of the islands to the Committee's suggestions with the deepest interest.

JOAN'S SWORD

A BLADE WITH A THRILLING POSSIBILITY

Perhaps the Most Interesting Thing to See on the Riviera

NAMES AND LEGENDS

The sword has a literature of its own, but there is no authentic entry concerning a blade which may be the most interesting of all swords.

This sword is some 500 years old and it is said and believed to have been the actual sword of Joan of Arc!

The swords of history and of legends have names, like the men who wielded them; but this one has no known name beyond the general title of a unique type of falchion made in the early years of the 15th century.

Of the known and legendary swords there were Caesar's sword, whose Latin name meant Yellow Death; Mark Antony's Philippan, after the battle of Philippi; King Arthur's Excalibur; Launcelot's Aroundight; Mohammed's

trio of blades named Trenchant, the Beater, and Death; Siegfried's Balmung; and each has some special attribute or legend associated with it. But the full history of Joan's sword, if it be hers, is yet to be found.

The weapon comes into prominence because we are suddenly bereft of it. The falchion will flash no more before us. It has travelled from Chelsea back to France, whence it came. Mr. Felix Joubert of Chelsea, its owner for the past forty years, has presented it, together with a splendid collection of ancient arms, armour, and medieval art, to the Masséna Museum at Nice. If it be really Joan's sword it will be the most interesting thing on the Riviera, but we wonder how many of the Riviera thousands will trouble to see it.

The Story of the Falchion

Will it ever be possible to piece together the broken threads of its story? Here is a rough outline. The falchion, which is famous among experts, came from an old chateau in Lorraine, near Domremy, where, on a humble little farmstead, Joan was born 514 years ago.

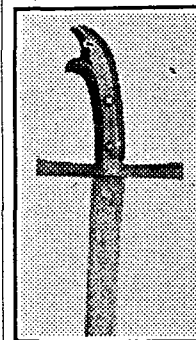
In the chateau lived descendants of an aristocratic family who, in the hour of her glory, meekly attended on the Maid. If the tradition be true, the sword was taken back to the chateau when the wonderful girl was burned at the stake at Rouen in 1431, and remained there till Mr. Joubert was able to acquire it.

A medal which commemorates the Maid, and lies in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, represents her seated on horseback and grasping a sword whose handle is identical with this one. That handle is of gilt bronze and is engraved with the Virgin and Child, St. Agnes, St. Barbara, St. Catherine, and the Crucifixion. Evidently official France, by copying this handle for reproduction, accepts the sword as Joan's.

Would Joan Have Cared About It?

Probably Joan herself would have cared little about the sword, but would rather have had us cherish the memory of the ideal for which she drew it: the love of God and of right-dealing between man and man and nation and nation. For she was only a soldier for a cause, and so much of the girl at heart that when they taunted her with being but a lowly shepherd lass she retorted with a challenge to any woman to compete with her in the management of a house.

Yet, as she said, she could neither read nor write. Still, she wrote her name large on the history of mankind, and this wonderful old sword may have been the pen with which she did it.



Joan of Arc's sword

GREENLAND'S ICE SUPPLY
The glaciers of Greenland will soon be breaking up where they join the sea and sending giant icebergs floating south. Jakobshavn Fiord alone discharges into the sea every year enough ice to make a mountain 2 miles long, 2 miles broad, and 1000 feet high.

ALASKA
Limit of icefield now.

BRINGING CANADA UNDER CULTIVATION
In a quarter of a century the land under cultivation in Canada has increased six-fold, from 15½ million acres in 1900 to 90 million acres in 1925. During that period over 1½ million settlers have entered the prairie provinces.

WOLF SOUTH OF TORONTO
A wolf has just been shot near Dunville, Ontario, where one had not been killed within living memory. It attacked a sleigh but was chased away by a collie dog.

AIRMAN'S WONDERFUL JUMP
An American airman has dropped from an aeroplane 4350 feet before pulling the cord to open his parachute, the longest jump of the kind on record. He examined a stop watch throughout his perilous fall. See news columns.

REGULATING A LAKE
A French scheme proposes to regulate the level of the Lake of Geneva, with a view of improving the Rhône as a navigable river, but there is great opposition from people on the Swiss side of the lake.

ELEPHANT'S FRIGHT
While the Earl of Dudley with his party was out big game hunting in India the sudden report of one of the guns frightened an elephant, which bolted downhill with the Earl and nearly threw him to the ground in jungle abundance with fierce game.

MANCHURIA'S PROSPERITY
The prosperity of Manchuria, an exceedingly rich grain and bean-producing province, depends upon its railway, which cost £ 37,000,000 to build. With a reasonably settled Government it should prove one of the wealthiest areas of the Far East.

SHORTAGE OF TEA
India's tea crop last year was several million pounds less than the previous year, and as China and Java have also a greatly reduced output there is a shortage of tea, which will probably go up in price.

SMELLING A FIRE 150 MILES AWAY
The smoke from the great bush fires in New South Wales was seen at sea by vessels from New Zealand 630 miles away and at 150 miles the smell of burning could be detected.

A NEW KIND OF APE
A new kind of ape about four feet high with hair hanging over its shoulders has been seen in the morasses north-east of Palembang in Sumatra. It travels very quickly, holding on to the lower branches of the trees. Dutch scientists are endeavouring to capture a specimen.

FAMINE IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA
There is a famine in French Equatorial Africa, where tree-felling for European timber merchants has led to less agriculture and a shortage of grain. The natives are dependent for supplies on imported rice, and tinned foods, and these also are short.

BRITAIN TO DEVELOP BOLIVIA
A concession involving about 30 million acres of land in Eastern Bolivia has been granted to a British Syndicate which proposes to develop the country, settling British public school-boys on the land, building a new port and railway, and erecting a wireless station.

£40,000,000 FOR ROADS
In the next ten years Australia is to spend £40,000,000 on roads, the Federal Government contributing half and the individual States the remainder. Only by facilities for travel can the island continent be opened up. Its population is now over six millions.

Where They Are Harvesting
Wheat. Upper Egypt and East India.
Sugar. Mexico, Central America, West Indies, Egypt, India, and Japan.
Cocoa. West Indies, Ecuador, and Venezuela.
Pepper. India.
Linseed (and oil seeds generally). India.
Cotton. India. **Flax.** Egypt.
Maize. Tanganyika. **Tobacco.** India.

"The year is not dead; the resurrection comes," he said.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 6, 1926

The Power that Crumbles Away

ONE of the lessons history is constantly teaching us is the instability of power, as it shows itself in the story of nations and their governors. The influence of men over men crumbles unceasingly with Time's changes.

How fleeting that power is can be seen most strikingly in the last few years. Eight years ago the most prominent man in the world was President Wilson. He was laying down a plan for giving peace to war-tortured nations. He was drawing the boundaries of countries he had never seen. Tens of millions hailed him as a world-deliverer. But he went home to find that his wonderful personal power had crumbled to nothingness. His country had deserted him.

All the European Premiers who piloted their countries to victory have since been rejected as rulers by their own people. France promptly refused Clemenceau as its President after he had finished his war service. Mr. Lloyd George retained much longer a wider power, but he, too, is fallen.

There is not one of the pilots of the Great War still in power. With men who have done well fame will remain, but from them their great power passes, and that swiftly.

It can be seen in other striking instances today. Two years ago M. Poincaré was obstructively the strongest man in Europe. He has vanished, and the paths to peace which he blocked are now opening up. Italy is an example of a great country under the influence of almost untrammelled power wielded by one man, and the most remarkable feature of her submission is that she is willing to be so ruled, though Liberty has been her most cherished watchword. Now there are signs that the power of Mussolini will not last for ever.

The story of his advent to power will long remain useful to all who study popular government. Communist extremists had seized Italy's industries and brought them to a standstill, and in their hands the ways of getting a living would not work. The nation was faced with ruin. Then Mussolini headed a revolution for crushing the Communists, and business resumed its activity.

Now that his revolution has saved his old country, however, its life seems to be coming to its natural end. Liberty not having been restored, Italy is growing resentful, and Mussolini's remarkable spell of power must end unless he is wise enough to return to a bold administration of ordered freedom. Is he strong enough to do right, or will he end as a putty Napoleon? All Europe is wondering whether it is about to see another proof of the uncertainty of personal power.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Pluck

PETER PUCK wishes to call attention to the fact that on March 17, as the C.N. announced some months ago, there will be a tablet fixed to a certain house in Paris.

Many important people will be present, and M. Briand will make a speech. He will say that the cinematograph is a French invention, and that the Lumière brothers gave the first moving picture show in the Café Riche thirty years ago.

Peter Puck feels that every heart will glow at this gallant deed. If an Englishman had invented the Movies we should have tried to hush it up. But France evidently feels that it would be mean to let America take all the blame.

For the London Missionary Society

THE other day someone walking down one of the streets of London overheard this scrap of conversation between a shrill-voiced urchin and his muttering friend:

D'yer like yer father?

Answer inaudible.

Does he hit yer?

Answer inaudible.

How does he hit yer?

Look at a wild animal's den, or a bird's nest, and see the love there. Remember that Jesus spoke of God's infinite pity as being like the love of a father. And then sigh for the humanity which can fall so far below the beast's that one child can ask another, *Do you like your father?*

We wish the good missionaries bent on saving the heathen could reach such hearts as his. Is there not a London Missionary Society?

Nothing to Fear

We feel that we must print this note, sent in by one of our readers.

ABOUT a year ago a girl died in the midst of her happiness, for she had a delightful home, a fond husband, and friends who loved her well. One of these friends dreamed about her the other night.

"It seemed as if she were standing by my side (she says), speaking to me; and this is what she said: *You know how we used to say that of us two it was always you who did things first, because I was always so much afraid of everything in the world. You were married first, you went first on your travels, you had your little one. Now there is something that I have done first, and it is nothing to fear.*"

Spring is Almost Here

A warm March day, just that! Just so much sunshine as the cottage child Basks in delighted, while the cottager Takes off his bonnet, as he ceases work, To catch the more of it. *Robert Browning*

The Early Voice

WE used to hear of a tree (it was in America) so high that it required a man and a boy to see to the top of it.

Today we are actually told by the Chief Constable of Bath that a newsman there has a voice so loud that when people hear it and go out expecting him at the gate they have to wait five minutes before he arrives.

Tip-Cat

FRANCE has a store of 2400 tons of old bills that she has paid. We wish she would pay some new ones.

THE new Shah of Persia is said to have been a stable boy. He should be ready to take up the reins.

NEWS comes of a lion farm with eighty beasts all bred to be film actors. We are waiting to hear about the goose farm where they raise the people who write the titles of the films.

BOURNVILLE has 200 playing teams. But we thought it was a workshop.

PETER PUCK hopes the end of the Printers' Strike will prove a binding agreement.

SCIENCE assures us that in a million years there will be no coal. It is some relief to know that even the Coal Crisis cannot last for ever.

A FRENCH statesman has said that no arbitrary act can stabilise the franc. We call this a franc admission.

NOWADAYS a man has to fight to keep at the top of anything—except pugilism.

3000 miles to be married. *One paper*
10,000 miles to be married. *Another paper*
Every woman has the right to change her mind.

They Never Will Return

The ships come back,
The doves return,
The daffodils
Anew will burn,
But O, beware,
Beware of words;
They will not come
Like ships or birds.
Your bribes, your tears,
Are all in vain;
They never more
Return again. PETER PUCK

A Prayer for Queen Elizabeth

Grant, O merciful Father, that our governess and gracious Queen may live and judge this little isle, a corner of Israel, with as good success and long continuance, as great felicity and much godliness as ever did any, to the honour and glory of Thy name. Amen

Joseph Petigax

Joseph Petigax, a famous Alpine guide, has died at 66. He was not only well known among the climbers of the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc, but had accompanied explorers on Polar expeditions. The President of the Alpine guides announced his death with the proud and traditional formula:

Il n'est pas tombé; il est mort.

JOSEPH PETIGAX has died. Calmly on his cottage bed Passed the famous Alpine guide, Skilled and daring, true and tried. To his friends a comrade said: *He that was our boast and pride Is not fallen; he is dead.*

THUS no shadow blurs his fame, No false step or lack of skill. Death in guise of sickness came, Bringing grief untouched by shame.

Him the glaciers could not kill, Nor the snows blot out his name; He is left their victor still.

DAUNTLESS lover of the height! Still you climb where'er you are, Scaling mountains burning bright With a gold or silver light. In some distant moon or star! Still you lead, though out of sight, Still you guide us from afar.

BE it ours such faith to hold That of us as well be said: *Here lies one unbought by gold, True in love, in peril bold, Holding shame, not death, in dread, Like the stainless knights of old: One who fell not, but is dead.*

The Flower Women
Bring the Spring to Town

MARCH is upon us with her bitter winds, and with her dust worth a guinea a peck, they say, as it flies across ploughed lands.

Nosuch compensation visits the town. There these early months seem very much alike. There are far more dull days than glad days, more grey than gold.

Yet the town has one delight the country does not know; it has the bright flower women who bring spring.

They are the true forerunners of glad days, and poems should be written about them as they sit at their corners, fearing neither rain nor wind, and shaking out before our eyes a host of joyous blossoms. It is not given to many people to cheer so many thousands in a day.

We come upon them in the dull work-a-day streets, and the grey is turned into gold.

There is something in these early flowers that is never captured by the later blossoms of the rich and riotous summer. What is there that we love more than these—primroses, jonquils, and narcissi; the pale, sweet-scented freesia; the brave glory of tulips, anemones, and mimosa; and the wondrous beauty of the daffodils?

To and fro the traffic surges past these little islands of colour and gladness set in the grey tide of the human sea. The great procession of life goes by, and to each life comes the call of the blossoms, the challenge of the golden trumpeters of spring.

THE HUNTER IN THE LONE CABIN

PATHETIC DISCOVERY

The Door that Stood Wide Open in the Gold Country

A TRAGIC TALE FROM CANADA

A pathetic story comes to us from the far north-west reaches of Canada, telling of a man who went out to make the wilds his servant and was beaten.

It is a tale of the Great Lone Land which is still great and lone in spite of creeping railroads, and car tracks, and the increasing number of hunters for skin and fur.

The story is told by Herbert Hodgson, a trapper who knows a great deal of the vast empty tracts that lie along the regions of the Mackenzie River.

He was working out a new trail to set his traps when he spied in a little clearing by the great woods a small log cabin. No smoke came from the chimney. The door was wide open. There were not any traces of human habitation, but the ground about had been freely trodden by animals.

What the Trapper Saw

The trapper spied a bear's track leading right up to the door. He followed the shuffling trail across the threshold and there saw a pitiful sight. A man with life gone from him was kneeling on the floor leaning against a roughly-made bunk. A calendar for 1924 hung on the wall with all the dates crossed out up to March 18. Very gently the visitor examined the body and explored the hut.

He found that the man lying there was Jim Nicol, who had prospected in the Yukon in the old days, and in 1923 had come up into the Great Lone Land with a comrade to dig for gold and trap for furs.

Mr. Hodgson sat down on the bunk and wondered what was the mystery of this lonely death. What had happened to the partner? There was no trace of his body, no sign of a struggle.

Silences of the Forest

No one would have thought that the man who had braved the Yukon would have been so soon beaten. He had set out that summer day full of hope, with that longing for wild life which never leaves the man who has once tasted its fearful thrills and joys and the salt of its adventures.

Autumn slipped into winter before these two had made the country yield up her secret of gold. Christmas and New Year rang their sound of merriment hundreds of miles away, but brought only famine and illness to the two in the hut by the great woods.

March found Jim Nicol ill and alone. Perhaps the other had gone for help and lost his way in the silences of the forest. Perhaps illness had driven him raving through the trees. Day after day Nicol fought for life, looked for his comrade's return, and made a mark on his calendar. He became too weak to chop up his wood for the stove, and thrust long branches into the fire instead of short pieces. He was helpless when the flames died away.

The End of the Trail

Outside the bitter winter held the solitary land in its grip. This man was alone with the earth and sky. One day he staggered to the door for the last time, looking for help; but help there was none. He slipped on his knees by the bunk and never got up again. To use an old Yukon phrase, the bottom had fallen out of the trail.

Months passed by, and animals big and little peeped in on the mystery of the log cabin. Another winter came and went, and then, in the autumn, a stranger walked across that tragic threshold, and paid, for the sake of all who knew him, the last respects to one more brave man gone.

WHY A WORD SET A CAPTIVE FREE

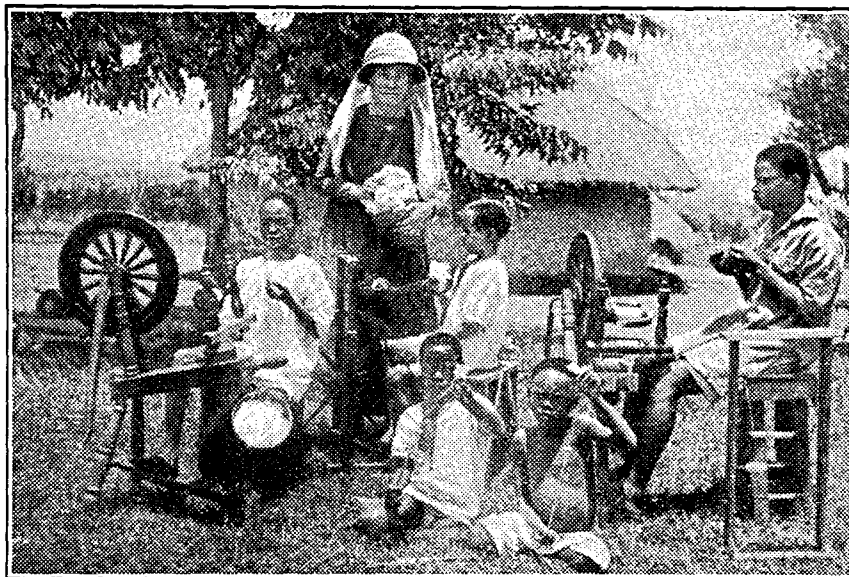
A MAN sentenced to imprisonment for theft has had the good luck to be set free because of a chance remark a magistrate should not have made.

It is a rule that a prisoner must not have previous convictions brought up against him till he has been judged guilty of the offence for which he has been tried. An old offender must have the same chance of being thought innocent as a man who is up for the first time. That is why a magistrate never asks about a man's previous record till he has made up his mind to convict,

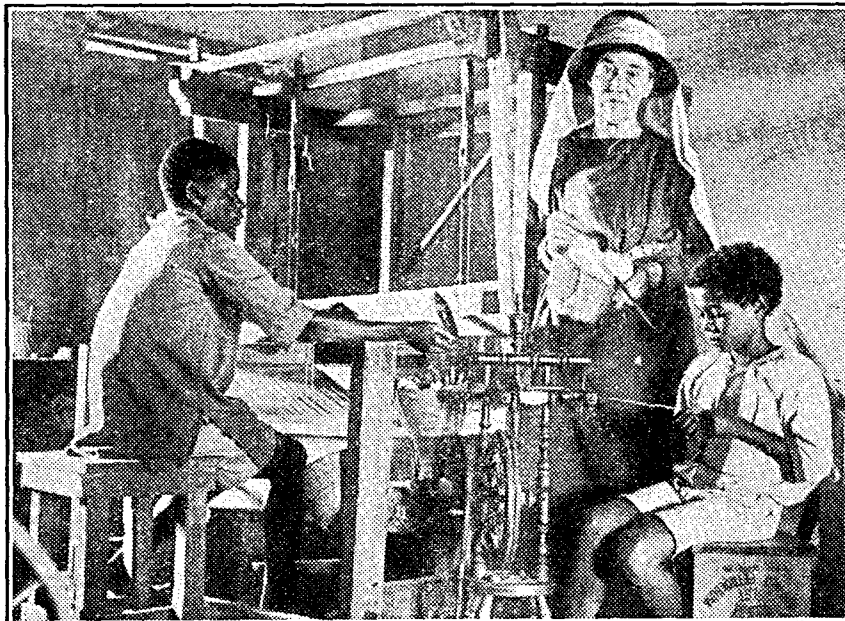
when he considers it in the sentence he pronounces.

In the same way nothing must be said to a jury about previous appearances. But in the case in question the presiding magistrate at Quarter Sessions remarked pleasantly to the prisoner before the jury had given its verdict: "You know, we have met before!" The Court of Criminal Appeal has decided that it is impossible to say that this remark did not prejudice the jury against the prisoner, and so the conviction has been quashed and the man is free.

YOUNG UGANDA SPINS ITS OWN COTTON



Boys at the Nabumali School, Uganda, learning to spin



The boys at Nabumali School being taught weaving

At the Church Missionary Society's school at Nabumali, Uganda, Miss Smith, a devoted missionary who has spent most of her life in Uganda, is teaching the native boys to spin and weave the cotton that Uganda is growing in increasing quantities. These pictures show Miss Smith with her spinning and weaving classes

THE GREAT RUSH FOR LIGHT

Sunshine in the Hospitals

A C.N. reader who has been visiting a number of hospitals in the dark, smoke-wreathed towns of the North was surprised to find how much work is being done with artificial sunshine and ultra-violet rays.

A bath in these rays is a wonderful tonic, and in some hospitals there is almost a rush by members of the staff for a few minutes of "sunshine" during intervals in the work.

Many sickly children who rarely see sunshine in these busy towns are now being treated with artificial sunlight, but many a hard-working man or woman on the hospital staff is also basking in the health-giving rays when a few minutes can be stolen!

WHAT THE LEAGUE HAS DONE

A Book All About It

There would be no fear of war in the world if every man and woman in all countries knew what the League of Nations can do and has done.

The C.N. and its companion papers have done what they can to make the good work known, but to those who want a full record, worth keeping, we most warmly commend the book by Maurice Fanshawe called *Reconstruction*, published at 5s. by Allen & Unwin.

It is an admirable book, a noble answer to those ignorant people who grumble about the few pennies the League has cost us and know nothing about the happiness and security it is building up in the world.

A MAN FALLS NEARLY A MILE

ONE OF THE BRAVEST DEEDS EVER KNOWN

Falling Half a Minute Without a Parachute

AN OLD THEORY UPSET

By Our Flying Correspondent

Full details have just reached London of one of the most thrilling feats ever accomplished in flying.

The hero of it is Private Boudreau, one of the parachute experts at the famous Selfridge flying-field in America, and he leaped into the air, not as a silly show for a crowd to see, but in the true interests of flight.

Leaping into space from a biplane thousands of feet high, with a stop-watch held before his eyes so that he could time the seconds of his pell-mell fall, Private Boudreau created what is claimed as a new world's record for the duration of a drop from a plane before opening his parachute.

Somersaults in the Air

Sitting with his parachute strapped in a container on his back, Boudreau was taken up in a military-type plane until the machine was circling at a height of about 4500 feet, nearly a mile. Then, with the cord which would open his parachute when it was pulled held tightly in one hand and a stop-watch in the other, he dived head-first into space.

Private Boudreau's idea was to allow himself to fall through the air for thirty seconds before he tugged the cord and allowed the parachute to escape from its container.

The pilot of the aeroplane, looking down from his cockpit just after Boudreau had jumped from the seat toward the rear of the machine, saw the parachutist hurtling downward, turning head-over-heels as he fell.

Down in a Dizzy Rush

Even more thrilling than this was the sight seen by a small group of officials who stood looking upwards from the flying-field. To their eyes the figure of the falling man, twirling down through the air, was like some tiny doll.

Second by second he fell, seemingly with the speed of a projectile—a thousand feet, 2000 feet, 3000. Down in a dizzy rush, still turning occasional somersaults in the air, came that steel-nerved parachutist, and not once, as he explained afterwards, did he feel in any danger of losing his senses. His only sensation was that of the great rush of air as he plunged downward.

Down even for 4000 feet he allowed himself to fall, his eyes fixed on the stop-watch held just in front of his face. To the onlookers below it seemed that he was right down, almost on the tree-tops, before he jerked the line and caused his parachute to open.

A Safe Landing

Actually it was calculated that he had fallen just over 4000 feet when, the stop-watch telling him that the thirty seconds were up, he gave a quick tug at the cord operating his parachute. This functioned perfectly, and Boudreau floated safely down to a smooth contact with the ground, declaring cheerfully that he felt no ill-effects.

The object of this amazing experiment was to prove that a parachutist can fall great distances through the air without losing consciousness. Before the parachute made these feats possible the theory was held that should a man fall merely from the top of some high building he would be unconscious or perhaps dead before he reached the ground, simply owing to the effect of the sheer drop upon his body. That theory is now disproved completely, for we know that a man can leap head-first from a plane and dive thousands of feet through the air, keeping full control of his faculties all the time.

KEEPING TOUCH BY NIGHT AND DAY IN THE GREATEST CITY EVER KNOWN

Remarkable Facts About the London Telephone System

LAST YEAR'S NEW WIRES

Every Londoner who happens to get through to a wrong number on his telephone feels that he is a fit person to find fault with the whole system.

He probably does not stop to remember that he is using the most amazingly vast system of interchange of talk ever devised by man. It is worth the while of each one of us to read the Postmaster-General's report of the telephone work done in the London area during 1925.

The area is immense. It extends from Tilbury in the east to Hayes in the west, and from Waltham Cross in the north to Reigate in the south. Altogether it covers 750 square miles. Here are some of the most striking facts about the business which keeps every part of this great area in touch with every other part by day and by night.

Amazing Figures

The system is worked from over a hundred exchanges. Four new exchanges were opened in 1925, and ten more are preparing to open. There were in the area 4615 call stations from which anyone could send a message, and the telephones in public and private use were 476,813. These telephones were linked to the exchanges by 269,801 lines of wire. The total mileage of wire in use would circle the Earth 72 times, and the additional wire brought into use last year would go round the Earth more than five times.

When we come to the number of calls made the figures are more astonishing. Over a million and a half calls are "put through" in the London district every day. To be exact, the daily total averages 1,667,000. The messages transmitted over the wires in a year would be more than enough to send one to every man, woman, and child in all the countries of Europe.

Telegrams by Telephone

No fewer than 61,000 messages pass the wires every night, that is between eight at night and eight in the morning.

The volume of telephone business is constantly increasing. It is expected that during the next eight years the number of exchanges will be doubled. During the present year 30,000 more lines will be provided.

Surprise is expressed by the Post Office that the possibility of sending and receiving telegrams through the telephone system is not more generally known. Though 1,423,781 phonograms were dealt with during the year, the public apparently are not aware generally of this rapid method of communication.

7000 Miles of Cables

One of the changes that does not reach the public eye is the greater dependence on underground cables. There are now in the London area 7000 miles of cables, some of them carrying as many as 2000 lines. Already the telephone cables have used up ten thousand tons of copper and forty thousand tons of lead for sheathing the cables. The old tunnel from the City to Euston Station, once used for forwarding parcels, is now used for telephone cables.

What of the human side of this great system of bringing people together in talk? The London telephone staff numbered last year 15,200 persons, of whom 8200 were telephonists and 7000 were workmen. Altogether the impression made by the report is that of a vast and most complex enterprise, not easily grasped by those who are most ready in criticism.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A sugar beet factory is to be built at Frimley, Surrey.

A Swedish scientist claims to have developed a new way of making steel and workable iron direct from crude ore.

A thousand weights and measures were found to be wrong in 13 weeks by an inspector at Walsall.

The Missing Q

The Aquitania has come home through the storms with its Q missing.

Elevated Sidewalks

Paris authorities have decided to install elevated moving sidewalks at busy crossings.

American Patents in Canada

Of 9000 patents applied for in Canada last year two out of three were applied for by Americans.

The Terrible Submarine

Since the Great War ended four nations have lost 376 men through accidents to submarines.

Houses at Four Shillings a Week

Liskeard Council are building houses at £430 each, to let at a weekly rental of four shillings.

Mrs. Green's Ten Children

Eight of the ten children of Mrs. Green, of Dempsey Street, in the East-End, have won L.C.C. scholarships.

Millions from Motors

The London County Council has collected nearly six million pounds in motor licence fees in the last three years.

A Multi-Colour Pencil

A new mechanical pencil has appeared. It has leads of five colours, any one of which can be used by turning an indicator on the handle.

England's Oldest Crosses

Thought to be 1000 years old and the oldest in England, the Saxon crosses at Sandbach, Cheshire, have been placed under the care of the Government.

Adventures in Science

The boys at Bembridge School in the Isle of Wight have written an admirable book on Adventures in Science, published by Jonathan Cape.

Ostend's New Lighthouse

To replace the lighthouse destroyed in the war a new one has been built at Ostend with a light reaching 23 miles, designed to be visible to aeroplanes.

Box Hill Spoilers

Photographs which show Box Hill, Surrey, before and after a Bank Holiday are to be exhibited there with an appeal to picnickers to be more tidy.

The Streets that Were

London street names are being altered at the rate of thirty a year, and the London County Council already has a record of 2500 changes.

A Dog for Three Halfpence a Week

The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals is adding a shilling to a contribution of 1½d. a week to pay for a dog licence for some of its members.

German Wireless Moves Ahead

The new German liner Berlin is equipped with a wireless telephone for the use of passengers who might wish to communicate with other ships not far away.

Nine and Thirty-Nine

According to a new book only nine out of every hundred Romans born in Egypt under the Caesars lived to 68, but of every hundred English children alive at ten 39 can expect to live to that age.

Hopeful

A Canadian professor claims that earthquakes are only experienced because the world is still comparatively young, and when it gets finally adjusted and settled there will be no more.

Toll of Sleepy Sickness

There have been nearly seven thousand cases of sleepy sickness in England and Wales in the last four years, more than three thousand of them fatal, and the number of cases is increasing.

The Gas Industry

It is reported that the British gas industry carbonises 16,000,000 tons of coal yearly and makes 270,000,000,000 feet of gas. It has a capital of £160,000,000 and employs no fewer than 150,000 workers.

It is estimated that a London taximan is idle for seven of his ten working hours.

London telephone girls have subscribed the money to equip two women's hospitals with wireless.

Bermondsey boys from the Morrow Road school have given a delightful broadcasting performance.

California's New Tunnel

A Californian power company is drilling a tunnel thirteen miles long and fifteen feet square.

What They Think in Australia

The Children's Encyclopedia is the finest book for children that the age has produced, says the Sydney Mail.

Encouraging Young Artists

Sir Joseph Duveen is giving £1000 a year to be spent in buying the work of young British artists of promise.

Helping Broken Bones to Heal

A Japanese scientist claims to have developed a serum which will materially assist the healing of broken bones.

The American's Progress

In America one person in seven has a car, one in eleven a gramophone, and one in 27 a wireless set.

The Honest Tramp

A tramp has forwarded to the Selby Guardians two shillings for food and lodging and the use of a bath.

Tons of Pennies

Twenty-two tons of pennies, worth ten thousand pounds, were collected in twelve months in aid of the Kent Ophthalmic Hospital.

One Accident in a Million Miles

British commercial aviators have flown five million miles in the last six years, and have only had five fatal accidents.

Cushioned Seats in Trams

The new Metropolitan electric trams have cross seats with well-sprung cushions and reversible backs, and rubber-covered floors.

British Engines for Australia

Some of the largest locomotives ever built in Britain have been made at Armstrong's Scotswood Works for the South Australian railways.

The Quack Auctioneer

The Auctioneer's Institute is promoting a Bill to abolish the quack auctioneers whose shops are one of the pests of London.

A Ladder on a Man's Shoulders

In a fire at a New York skyscraper the firemen were only able to reach some of the tenants by climbing a ladder resting on a man's shoulders.

Well-Spent Money

Over fifty thousand school-children were sent to Wembley last year by the London boroughs at a cost of little more than £5000.

Ancient Footprints

Dr. Gilmour has found, 1000 feet deep in the Grand Canyon of Colorado, animal footprints believed to have been impressed there 25 million years ago.

Six Million Fewer Passengers

There was an increase of four million miles run by the L.C.C. trams last year, but decreases of six million passengers and of £136,838 from fares.

The South Africans Home Again

The 158 South African students who have been on a tour of Europe have returned home delighted with their experiences and immensely benefited by what they have seen.

New Zealand's People

New Zealand's population is now 1,381,936, of whom 705,921 are males. The populations of the island possessions are: Cook Islands and Niue, 13,879; Western Samoa, 29,230.

Armless Artist's Triumph

Though Mr. Alexander Alexander, who has just died at Edinburgh, was without hands, he learned to hold a brush so well with his toes that several of his pictures were hung at the exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Weighing Sunbeams

Sunbeams are now being weighed. It appears that, like a jet of water, a beam of light pushes ever so slightly against any obstacle placed in its path, and by means of a very delicate instrument this can be measured.

BACK TO WREN AND INIGO JONES

Making the City More Beautiful

It is worth noting, by anybody to whom the beauty of London is a matter of interest and importance, that the immense rebuilding schemes now proceeding in what is known as the Golden Square Mile include a number of delightful buildings, some completed and some still unfinished, which take us back to the days of Sir Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones, when more thought was given to grace and delicacy in bricks and mortar and in windows and skylights and balustrades.

The great banking firms are foremost in the movement for beautifying the City. Just now, only a stone's throw from the Bank of England, the firm of Lazard Brothers is putting up an extremely delightful Jacobean house, in the style which makes some of our old market towns around London so pleasant and fragrant on a summer's day. Not far away, in Leadenhall Street, the famous banking firm of Schroeder has built a tall and elegant house in the Georgian style.

These are two pleasant red-brick additions to the sombre city, all the more pleasant because they remind us of a London that was smaller and roomier and less centred on money-making than ours.

PAYING FOR THE WAR Our Pensioned Millions

Britain has now paid over 600 million pounds to war victims. Last year she paid nearly seventy millions.

This includes pensions paid to disabled soldiers and widows and orphans, as well as medical help for disabled men. The total number of people helped since the war began is now 4,560,000, and the number being helped last March was just under two millions.

We paid over three million pounds less in the last year than in the year before, and nearly 38 millions less than in the heaviest year of all. Yet still the authorities are examining something like a thousand fresh claims a week!

Death is the chief cause of the lessening payments, but there is also, happily, the improvement of the health of many of the victims, as well as the growing-up of orphans and the remarrying of widows.

REMARKABLE VESSEL Fishing Boat and Factory

Probably no sea-going craft has seen such wonderful changes as the fisherman's boat.

The second largest French steel trawler for deep-sea fishing has just been launched at Selby. She can steam for 6000 miles without taking in fresh fuel, and she has a wireless set with a range of 3000 miles. She will go to sea for six weeks on end between the Grand Banks, the White Sea, and her home at Havre, and will be in wireless communication the whole time with her owners. She has a crew of forty, who will salt the fish as they are caught.

The Neptunia, as she is called, is a fishing boat and factory in one.

THE BUSY BEE

Using it in the Orchards

American agricultural experts have found a new use for the busy bee.

It appears that the owners of a twelve-thousand-acre apple orchard, the largest in the world, were dissatisfied with the crops they were getting, and consulted the State Agricultural College. They were advised to set out bee-hives among the trees, and since they have done this they get 65,000 barrels instead of 50,000.

Through their honey-seeking activities the bees fertilise the apple trees, with this remarkable result.

A LOVELY CITY'S BOAST

STORY OF AN OLD DEBT When England Borrowed from a Private Family

ART, TRADE, AND THE FLAG

The war left Italy in our debt to the extent of 530 million pounds, and Italy is now beginning to pay a little back.

While negotiations were in progress an ingenious but inaccurate Italian writer published the story that we contracted a debt to Florence 600 years ago, and never repaid it, bankrupting the bankers from whom we borrowed and leaving a sum owing which, with interest down to date, more than cancels the sum now owed to England by the Italian people.

It is true that we borrowed and that our creditors were broken. Our King Edward the Third was the borrower, 1,365,000 florins was the sum, 1333 was the year, the King's first war with Scotland was the occasion, and Bardi and Peruzzi were the bankers, who failed eight years after.

Paid in Full

There is no evidence that our war broke a Florentine bank; on the contrary, it is known that we were still repaying the money after the crash of Bardi and Peruzzi, and finally paid all. Greater events in Europe than the clash of British arms at Halidon Hill were responsible, though our debt helped to bring down this firm, who were the Rothschilds of Europe in the fourteenth century.

Even so, it must seem strange today that the British nation should borrow of a private firm in Tuscany. We all know that Florence was the cradle of modern art and culture, that there painting, sculpture, literature, and science had their second birth after the Dark Ages had brooded for centuries over the Europe which survived the overthrow of the Roman Empire. But how came she to be financing nations, this little fairy city on the Arno?

Art Follows Trade

Trade follows the Flag, we say today; but History shows that Art follows Trade. Florence was for a time a sort of miniature empire, with dependent towns, her own fleets of galleons, great industries, incomparable craftsmen, enormous wealth, and a power in the economy of the world quite inconceivable today.

The Renaissance, as we call the great awakening of the world after the Dark Ages, was commercial and industrial before it was learned and artistic, and Florence was a pioneer of both art and commerce. She laid her foundations on wool: Flemish wool, French wool, and, best of all, English wool. The northern nations exported inferior cloths coloured with ugly impermanent dyes. The Florentines, with exquisite skill, worked on the coarse cloths; carded, shaved, dressed, smoothed, and redyed them, made them into cloths of beauty which kings and nobles were proud to wear, and then exported them to all lands, even to the lands from which the original cloths had come.

What We Owe to Florence

They set up their own factories, moreover, in the lands where the wool grew: in England, France, Holland, and Brabant, and, keeping the finer processes in the hands of Florentine workers sent forth for the purpose, they made merry jokes over our northern stupidity in allowing them to come and take our riches from us.

Similar results followed when Florence took up silk and gold and silver thread; she made the finest silks and brocades the world had ever seen. She taught

WHO DIED FIRST?

An Old Trouble Swept Away

THE OLD LAW AND THE NEW

By the new Law of Property which came into force at the New Year the law presumes that when two possible heirs to a property die so nearly at the same time that it proves impossible to declare which outlived the other it was the elder who died first.

How this decision simplifies questions of inheritance is shown by a sad case which has just been propounded in the Probate Court. In an aeroplane crash on Christmas Eve in 1924 an uncle, his nephew, and his nephew's wife were all killed. That was before the new law came into operation, and supposing, for the sake of example, that property had been left to any one of the three who had lived for even a few minutes after the others, then that one might be the inheritor.

If the uncle had died first, and had left money in his will to the nephew, then for a few minutes the nephew would have been the legal possessor of the money, which would pass on in its turn to his heirs after his death. But if the nephew died before the uncle he could never have been the inheritor, and the money might, perhaps, legally pass to other heirs of the uncle.

These are examples which have no bearing on the case at issue, but they help to explain the difficulties which might arise under the old law and are now swept away by the new.

FASTING MAN FRAUD

To be Stopped in Paris

In future the fasting man's occupation will be gone in Paris, where the Prefect of Police has forbidden such exhibitions in public.

The reason is that on the last occasion a man was pretending to fast at a music-hall it was discovered that he was being fed, and something like a riot followed.

There have been genuine fasting men, but a good many of these cases have been frauds, pure if not simple. Such exhibitions are merely unpleasant, apart from their humbug, and they serve no good purpose. The question how long a man can fast has been settled in the biological laboratories of an American University. The period is about 27 days.

THE EMPTY CAR

A Little Surprise for Broadway

The people of New York received a shock the other day when a driverless motor-car threaded its way through the maze of traffic on Broadway.

As a matter of fact another car, following a few feet behind, was controlling the empty car by wireless, and appeared to have no difficulty in manoeuvring it at will.

Continued from the previous column

Europe these three industries. Florentines were the world's bankers and the world's money-changers. They also managed the mints and fixed the weights and measures of various European nations. Kings turned to the Florentine banks to finance their wars, the French king, the English, and hosts of princes. Something of the history of Europe centres in the wars made or shared in by the Florentines in their determination to be the bankers of the Popes and so handle the greatest income in the world. Afterwards came the great rise of Florentine art, with Cimabue, Andrea del Sarto, the della Robbias, Donatello, Ghiberti, and Michael Angelo.

We may not owe Florence money, but we and all the world owe her a debt far greater, of praise and thanks and gratitude that Time can never liquidate.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

John Milton's Friend

On March 1, 1713, died Thomas Ellwood.

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison I was desired by my quondam master Milton to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont.

Being released and returned home, I soon made a visit to him to welcome him into the country. After some common discourses had passed between us he called for a manuscript of his, which he delivered to me, bidding me take it home and read it at my leisure; and when I had so done return it to him with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled *Paradise Lost*. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him, and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, "Thou hast said much here about *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?"

He made no answer, but sat some time, then broke off and fell upon another subject. And when afterwards I went to wait on him there, which I seldom failed of doing whenever any occasions drew me to London, he showed me his second poem called *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said to me: "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

THOMAS ELLWOOD

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Which is the Middle Verse of the Bible?
The eighth verse of Psalm 118. The middle chapter is Psalm 117.

How Many Verses are There in the Bible?
There are 31,173 verses in the Bible, 23,214 being in the Old Testament and 7959 in the New.

What is a Dutch Oven?

A tin screen for baking or roasting before a kitchen fire. It keeps in the warmth, and so assists the cooking.

Is Black a Colour?

In the optical sense black is the absence of all colour, just as white is the sum of all the seven colours of the spectrum. Of course, in pigments black is a colour.

Which is the Highest Mountain of the Bernese Alps?

The Finsteraarhorn, 14,026 feet, is highest. The Aletschhorn, 13,770 feet, is next; and the Jungfrau, 13,670 feet, third.

Why is a Cheque Crossed?

For safety. When a cheque has two transverse lines drawn across it, it can only be paid through a banker, that is it must be passed through a banking account.

In Which of Dickens's Works do Simon Tappertit and John Willet Occur?

They both occur in *Barnaby Rudge*. Simon Tappertit is an apprentice of Mr. Gabriel Varden, and a sworn enemy to Joe Willet, son of the landlord of the Maypole Inn at Chigwell, Essex.

What Are the Nine Arts?

Probably the reference is to the Nine Muses, divinities in the Greek Mythology. They were Clio, the muse of history; Euterpe, of lyric poetry; Thalia, of comedy; Melpomene, of tragedy; Terpsichore, of dance and song; Erato, of erotic poetry; Polyhymnia, of the sublime hymn; Urania, of astronomy; and Calliope, of epic poetry.

Are There More Dairy Cows in Denmark Than in the United Kingdom?

The latest figures of livestock show that Denmark has 561,531 horses, 2,537,393 cattle, 374,296 sheep, and 2,852,826 pigs, while for Great Britain the figures are: horses 1,485,162, cattle 7,016,582, sheep 20,621,256, pigs 2,797,633. For Ireland, North and South, the figures are: horses 544,464, cattle 5,156,625, sheep 3,560,521, pigs 1,036,726. What proportion of the cattle are dairy cows the statistics do not say.

A GOLDEN PLANET

WHERE TO FIND MERCURY

Speeding Toward the Earth at 35 Miles a Second

THE LITTLE CRESCENT IN THE SUNSET

By the C.N. Astronomer

The fleeting little world of Mercury will be discernible in the western sky next week for nearly two hours after the Sun has set.

His golden orb, however, takes some finding in the twilight glow. A good plan is to note exactly the position of the Sun relative to certain objects on or near the horizon about an hour before the Sun sets—at about five o'clock by the end of the week, ten minutes earlier at the beginning. During the earlier part of next week, between 6.30 and 7 o'clock, Mercury will be very near to where the Sun was an hour and a half before, but closer to the horizon.

Later in the week, between, say, March 10 and 16, the possibility of finding this planet will be greater, for then Mercury will be quite close



Telescopic appearance of Mercury and relative sizes. 1. at present time. 2. about March 25

to where the Sun was two hours before, and much easier to find against a darker sky. Between 7 and 7.45 p.m. Mercury will be found nearer the horizon, following, as it were, the path of the Sun, but nearly two hours behind, setting finally about 7.50 p.m.

Moreover, on the evening of March 15 the thin crescent of the Moon, only 40 hours old, may be seen low in the western sky. Mercury will then be only a little way to the right of her, but about twelve times the Moon's width away and somewhat nearer to the horizon; so if it is fine this should make a charming picture.

Field-glasses or binoculars will greatly help in finding Mercury; he is quite unmistakable, appearing as a very bright, golden star. Seen through a telescope, he will have, at the end of next week, the appearance of a Moon at first quarter, as shown in the picture. But he is approaching our world so rapidly, at about 35 miles a second, that by March 25 he will appear crescent-shaped, for, having by then got more between us and the Sun, we see more of the dark side of his globe.

A Morning Star

Moreover, having come so much nearer to us, and being about 60 million miles away instead of 105 million, Mercury will appear much larger. By March 31 he will pass between us and the Sun, so on that day, if it were possible to see Mercury in the daylight, his little dark globe would appear a little way above the Sun all day, gradually getting a little farther to the right of, and eventually in front of, the Sun.

He will thus become a morning "star," as we say, but not well placed for observation. In 88 days he will have completed his orbit round the Sun, and in 116 days will have again caught up the Earth; so by the beginning of July Mercury will once more be adorning our evening skies amid the sunset glow of summer.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning, Mars, Jupiter, and Venus in the south-east; Saturn south. In the evening, Mercury in the west.

BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 43

Garry's Last Battle

OUTSIDE the night had become very still, for the sullen rain had sobbed itself, fretfully out. Within, with the fire's death, the shed had grown darker, so that they could scarce distinguish each other's faces. They spread their fingers above the embers for warmth, while a spell of silence held them both in its grip.

For nearly twelve hours now Garry's resolution had been battling with the difficulties which had confronted him at every stage of his search for Feddon; with his craving from time to time to abandon that search, with weariness, with hunger, and against thinking about and dreading the consequences which must follow his own break-away. In this spell of silence which had fallen between them he was preparing himself to fight his last battle, the battle that must beat down Feddon's resistance. He was spent and cold and aching all over for sleep, but he dared not yield to sleep or give in to exhaustion until his will had overcome Feddon's will.

A strange battlefield, in truth, this lonely shed in a lonely field, with the dark night around them! At no time could his wildest dreams have imagined it. He had battled with Tadworth and The Conclave for Feddon, but on familiar ground and with forthright weapons. But this would be a harder battle than that, for he had to fight this last battle with Feddon himself. He had to fight this fight in the dark, in the cold, and with such weapons only as his worn-out brain could provide.

But he had one ally. This ally was that fund of grim, dogged humour which had stood his friend all through and still stood by him.

"Go-Bang Garry!" he muttered under his breath. "Gosh! There isn't much Go-Bang about me now! Silly Ass Garry, that would be Kendall's name now for me."

And again:

"I guess old Ken's eyes would drop out if he saw us now! I guess he's snoring like a hog. Good old Why-Worry Ken! I'll christen him that tomorrow, Why-Worry Kendall!"

In that deep silence Feddon's mind also was busy. Had it hurt him when Garry had passed his first question by and showed no interest in his reason for running away? Perhaps it had. It is certain that he had been cut to the quick by Garry's conclusion that he had been driven away by fear of The Conclave. His sensitive spirit smarted to be so misjudged by the very man for whose sake he was breaking faith with his father, and to be deemed such a coward as to break that faith for any personal reason.

So, sore and wounded that he had been misjudged, when eventually Garry had inquired his motive he had put him off with:

"Oh, never mind now. It doesn't matter now."

But another thought had begun to pull at his heart-strings. He had made Garry angry; Garry's silence showed that. And Garry had been so decent to him right up to the end. What other man in the School would have broken bounds for him and have come chasing him through the storm? Sore in spirit he might be himself, but he mustn't hurt Garry, this staunch, loyal, obstinate Garry who had dared everything for his sake. He wasn't going back; he could never go back. But he couldn't depart without making it up with his friend.

No; Garry should never dream now why he had run away. Garry should go on thinking he had finked The Conclave. But there was one thing he would put right

with Garry; he'd tell him how sorry he was for spoiling things for him at Eastborough.

Feddon's voice came out of the darkness. "Garry?" it whispered. "Halloa! I thought you were having a snooze."

"No, I wasn't. I was thinking. What's the time, Garry?"

A match was struck and glowed in the gloom.

"It's after two, Feddon."

The nervous whisper stole from the darkness again.

"Garry"—shyly—"may I tell you what I was going to write to you about?"

"Oh, something jolly!" cried Garry, in a brisk tone.

Ugh, how sleepy he was! He must stick it out. He'd to fight.

"Something jolly!" he repeated, on his feet now.

Rubbing his hands in his eyes to knock sleep out, stamping his feet to drive the numbness away, running to the door to look at the sky. Back again. Now for it, Garry! But Feddon was first.

"Garry, I was going to write to tell you how sorry I was."

"Sorry for what, you cuckoo? For trying to run away? Naturally, you'd—"

"Not for that, Garry. For making things beastly for you. It's all my fault you've had such a rotten time."

"Who said I'd had a rotten time? That's all fudge!"

"I know you have, through me. It's all my fault, Garry. But I never meant to spoil your last year at Eastborough."

"You haven't, you ass!"

"I have. But I didn't realise it; I didn't see it, Garry. And I didn't know you were leaving till those beasts began about lift-boys. Garry, you do know that, don't you? I never meant to."

"I don't know what you're talking about," blurted Garry.

"Garry, I never meant to spoil your last year."

CHAPTER 44

Watching for Dawn

THE first suspicion that Feddon and Garry had run away had been breathed in the School House when it came out of Prayers. Both had been missed at call-over by the prefect who had taken roll, and a little *a for absent* had been ticked up against their names. They had been missed at lock-up after the match by the House prefect who was responsible for the day, and a formal note had been made. It was this same prefect, Wynne, who came hunting for them at Prep, to demand explanations, but found no one to demand them from. He went to Crauford. He said, "It's a rum thing, Crauford. You know those kids Garry and Feddon? I can't find a trace of them!"

Crauford, who had had a long spell of bowling, was tired, and deep in his happy thoughts of the game.

"Oh, I expect," he answered, "they've got special leave. I say, old boy, what luck the weather kept up for the match!"

"Well, it's broken now with a hoary old vengeance," laughed Wynne. "They have got special leave, you fancy? Oh, yes, very likely."

So it wasn't until after Prep, that he carried his report up to Mr. Poland, who started and pondered an instant. Then there came to his mind Garry's fumbling questions about an *excet*.

"When were they seen last?" he asked. And when Wynne, who had made some inquiries, responded, his face grew graver as he exclaimed: "Wasn't Feddon at dinner, then?"

"No, sir. He wasn't at dinner."

"But Garry was! For I saw him myself soon after."

"Yes, sir, Garry was watching the match after lunch with Kendal."

"Fetch Kendall at once, please."

Wynne fetched Kendall, but he had nothing to tell them except that Garry had left him to go and bring Feddon to their rug. Dismissed, he was told, as he went, not to trot about talking.

"Sir," he protested quietly, "I shan't do that."

As he spoke the rising storm made the windows rattle and a clap of thunder rumbled among the hills. Kendall went his way heavily, very anxious for Garry.

Not a word did he utter, and yet, in that curious fashion wherewith in any community bad news will spread, the rumour passed round as they came out of Prayers—for the storm was too bad for the Houses to file into chapel—that both Garry and Feddon had run away. An incredible rumour, which the juniors took up to bed with them, repeating it with hushed voices and eyes full of awe.

In the West dormitory they were staring at two vacant beds. Yet they stared in a very queer and unusual quiet. Then they eyed one another in a dim terror. Nightingale tried to draw an unfinished question; Lubbock and Brougham spoke together in whispers; but Sippy Tadworth got into bed without a word and lay there mutely, turning his face to the wall.

Once Brougham called to him, but he gave no reply.

"He's asleep," whispered Lubbock.

But he was not asleep. His thoughts would not let him sleep. He wished they would.

Far in the night, when sleep had come to his rescue, he woke from it with the cry of one whose dreams terrify. It rang through the dormitory, and the prefect stirred on his pillow.

That was about two o'clock, and by then, in the meantime, all that could be done downstairs had been done. Mr. Poland had been in conference with the Head, and together they had taken all possible measures. In the raging storm inquiries had been made at the station; search parties of masters and male servants had scoured the woods; the police had been informed that two boys were missing; the telephone had not rested; but nothing availed.

It was three in the morning before the Head gave it up, deciding that nothing more could be done till the day. The thunder had subsided, the rain had died down.

"Poland," he said, "I hope we shall hear something by breakfast-time."

"You will not telegraph to the boys' homes, sir, till later on in the day?"

"No. I do not wish to alarm their parents too soon. We will

wait until ten o'clock, say, before we telegraph."

The Head stopped to take his sopping waterproof off. He tossed it into the corner with a deep sigh. The two were alone in his study, in which he had had the fire lighted, and now he beckoned his second-in-command to draw nearer.

"Better warm yourself for a minute or two before you go to bed," he invited, with an effort to suppress the strain he was under. "Poland, I have never had this sort of thing happen. We've never had a boy run away in my mastership. And now two of them! It distresses me beyond words."

He glanced up from the fire as he was speaking. He noticed, as he had never noticed before, how old and drawn and lined his companion looked, as though his years had suddenly stamped themselves on him. For his body looked older too; his shoulders were drooping more.

The voice of the Head assumed an unwonted gentleness.

"Yes," he went on, "I know how you are feeling this, Poland. For both the boys were under your charge, and I fancy you liked them."

The other threw back his stooping shoulders and drew himself straight and stiff to the full of his towering height. Thus he stood an instant before replying, a dominant figure, whose tired features had lighted.

"They are both of them," he said quietly, "very good fellows, sir, and each in his own way is a boy of quite pronounced character—"

"Yes, yes," the Head put in wearily.

"With your permission I should like to emphasise that, sir. If the boys were good-for-nothings it would be different. But I beg you to take their characters into consideration."

"Consideration!" The Head's mouth tightened as he repeated this. "Consideration! You can't surely expect me to keep them!"

"I have been hoping—"

"And so have I—that the storm hasn't hurt them. But no doubt they were safe under cover long before that. As to the rest of it—there, we both want our beds." The Head had broken off abruptly. "Good-night to you, Poland!"

But The Maypole stood fixed, passing one hand across his brow. "I hope you will see your way to keep both, sir," he said. "And before I leave you, sir, I would like to add this. I feel almost sure that Garry did not run away."

A frown and a lift of incredulous eyebrows responded.

"Feddon, as I reported, sir, went before dinner. But Garry wasn't missed till well after two."

"They'd concerted their plan! It looks systematic intent. Less likely to be missed at once than if both went together."

"You think so, sir?"

"I do think so," frowned the Head.

"My deduction is that Garry went after Feddon. By after 1 I mean to try to fetch Feddon back."

A testy gesture of the hand seemed to brush this aside.

"Well, well, it doesn't matter much why he went. Whether Garry meant to run away or he didn't, he's made himself equally guilty by staying away."

"But—"

"No. I cannot overlook that. Good-night again, Poland."

The white head inclined itself gravely.

"Good-night to you, sir."

We may not follow that gentle-faced, gentle-voiced man as he took his trouble back with him to his bedchamber, and paced that room with sleepless eyes watching for dawn. The recesses of his heart are hidden from us. Yet it may be that those grey lips, so silently moving, were making petition to One unto Whom all hearts are open, that in all their goings out and their comings in His mercy would watch over two wandering fugitives.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

Prince of Painters

THE title of the Prince of Painters has been given to one who died on the day when he was 37. If he be judged by his character, personal charm, industry, and universal popularity as well as by his painting, as it appealed to men in his own day and has appealed to art-lovers ever since, he is felt to be very near to perfection.

He was born in central Italy, and painted his way to fame in the first twenty years of the sixteenth century. His father was a painter and taught him till his twelfth year. Later he became a pupil of the religious painter Perugino, whose style he first adopted. But before he was 20 he was producing pictures on his own account. His works are now in nearly all the chief art galleries of the world, and some of his early pictures are in England.

When he was 21 he went to Florence and studied and painted there for four years. It was the time when Florentine art was in its greatest glory, for Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci were working there in keen competition. As their young admirer watched their work he modified his style by it, though he always had a beauty of his own. In Florence he became very popular, third only to the two great rivals. His favourite subject in these early days was the Virgin Mary. He painted at least a hundred Madonnas. Some pictures he painted when at Florence are in our National Gallery.

Then Pope Julius the Second, who was a great patron of art, summoned him to Rome to ornament his stately palace, the Vatican. He obeyed the call, and the walls and ceilings of the Vatican show the range and beauty of his art. He was amazingly prolific in designs. To religious subjects and Bible scenes he now began to add paintings of great historical events. Michael Angelo was in Rome painting the Sistine Chapel, and the younger artist's style became to some extent influenced by the older man's majesty in design.

No artist was ever more popular than this youngest of the band of truly great painters. Fifty pupils were in his school, imitating his style and helping him with his work. The great and the lowly were his admiring friends. His personal beauty was remarkable, and his disposition was sweet and genial. His work, which had always had grace and delicacy, was growing in power when quite suddenly he was carried off by a fever. All Rome grieved. They buried him

in the ancient Pantheon, the city's oldest building, once a heathen temple and now a Christian church, where the modern kings of Italy also have their last resting-place. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



100 PICTURES FOR 2d.

Don't miss this week's CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL the picture companion to the C.N.! It is packed with splendid photographs gathered from all parts of the world. Antarctica, the Nile, Ecuador, Peru, Mongolia, and London—all these are represented in the wonderful gallery of photographs. There are many nature pictures as well.

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CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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Arise, Awake, Put On Thy Strength



DI MERRYMAN

GEORGE hesitated outside his friend's garden, afraid to enter because a fierce-looking dog was barking at him from the other side of the fence.

"Come in, George," called out his friend. "Don't you know that a barking dog never bites?"

"Yes, I know," replied George nervously, "but what will happen if it stops barking?"

What Is It?

A FEELING all persons detest,
Although 'tis by many oft felt,
By two letters fully expressed,
By twice two invariably spelt.

Answer next week

WHY are tears like potatoes?
Because they spring from the eyes.

Is Your Name Spurr?

SPURR is a surname that has come from the trade of the ancestor of the Spurr of today. He was no doubt a spur-maker, and had a spur for his trade sign. His sign became attached to his name as a description, and eventually developed into a regular surname.

WHAT stands on one leg with its heart in its head?
A cabbage.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

OH! I am a fair and beautiful thing
As I lightly touch the ground;
And quicker far than the eagle's wing
Sometimes I fly around.
I pass as swiftly as the time
And leave no trace or track,
And should my purity be lost
No power can bring it back.
I sweep across the mighty sea,
I pause on Hecla's brow,
But strange, if you behead me once,
I'm present with you now.

Solution next week

A Representative

A CANDIDATE for election to the local council was canvassing for votes.

"I shall not vote for you," said an ill-tempered man to whom he spoke, "because I think you are an idiot."

"Then surely I am well qualified to represent you," replied the candidate with a smile.

A Picture Puzzle



TWO consecutive letters from each of the four words represented by these drawings will spell the name of a flower that marks the coming of Spring. Can you find out what it is?

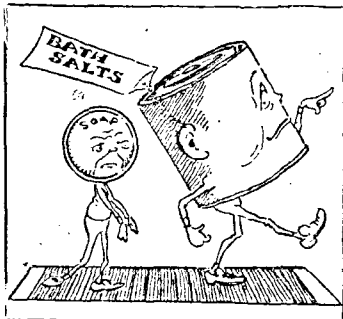
Answer next week

WHY is the letter G like plum cake?
Because it makes a lad glad.

WHAT is the difference between the King and the planet Neptune?

Nineteen shillings and elevenpence-three-farthings. The King is a sovereign and Neptune is a far thing.

Come-Alive Characters



The Order of the Bath

"ON to the bathroom!" cried the Salts.

"Our time we mustn't waste. We shall get into hot water if we do not now make haste."

"Oh, what's the hurry?" sighed the Soap, and pulled a gloomy face. "We shall get into hot water, I am sure, in any case!"

Obviously Innocent

A COUNTRYMAN who was charged with stealing a pig said to the magistrates:

"You have heard the evidence of three witnesses who say they saw me steal the pig, but I have brought fifteen people who will swear that they did not see me steal the pig."

WHAT lock can no burglar pick?
A lock from a bald head.

The Two Brothers

TWO brothers are we, with five children apiece,
A number which never is known to increase;

We are large, hard, and black—we are soft, white, and small,
But without us mankind could do nothing at all.

Without us no vessel the ocean could roam,
Yet though we go forth you will find us at home;

If you can't find us out, why, to cut short our story,
When you sit down to dinner you have us before ye.

Misleading Information

AN Englishman had just spent his first night in the United States.

"I am very disappointed about one thing," he said when he came down to breakfast. "I had been told that the Sun rises about five hours later in America than it does in England, but I found that I had to get up this morning quite as early as I do at home."

Not Very Nourishing

GROWLED an old Polar Bear on a floe,

"Meals are scarce, as I've reason to know.

With no seals to attack
I may have to fall back
On a bit of ice-cream made with snow!"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Are They?

Madagascar, Cashmere, Philippines, Andaman.

A Puzzle in Rhyme. Velasquez

Hidden Birds

COTTON, MINARET, INKWELL, TABLE, PENTAGON—Robin, Crane, Lark, Rook, Crow, Teal, Tern, Owl, Tit.

A Simple Puzzle. Teeth

Jacko Has a Narrow Escape

JACKO was delighted when his grandfather gave him half-a-crown one day. It meant that he could go to see a big football match that very afternoon.

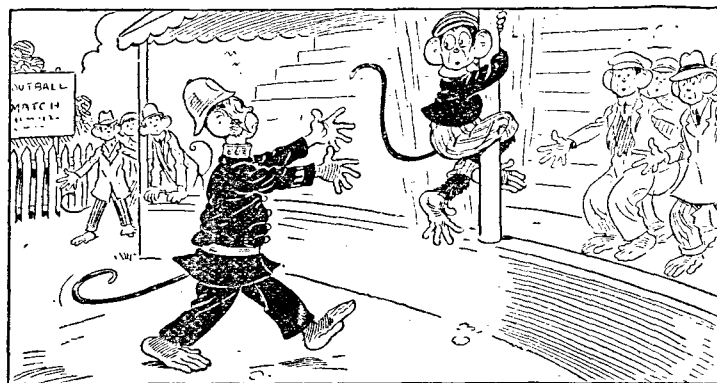
"And I don't know that I won't go too," said the old gentleman. "I'm not so young as I was, but I can still enjoy a bit of sport."

Jacko wasn't at all keen on taking his grandfather to the match. But Grandpa Jacko's mind was made up. He got out his thickest coat and muffler, and off they went.

Unfortunately, the old gentleman had rather a hasty temper. He hated being jostled, and when he found himself in the thick of the crowd he got very cross.

"I've never been pushed about so much in my life!" he exclaimed indignantly. "I shall go back!"

That didn't suit Jacko at all, for he knew that he would have to see the old gentleman home. But the matter was taken out of his hands. The crowd suddenly gave a heave, and Jacko found himself separated from his grandfather.



A great, burly policeman was waiting for him!

"That's done it!" he said, with a grin; and, as he couldn't see the old gentleman anywhere, he pushed on with the crowd and determined to see the match.

But Grandpa had got the tickets in his pocket, and when Jacko reached the turnstile the man wouldn't let him in.

Jacko was wild. But suddenly he had a bright idea. The back of the grand stand was near the turnstile; he decided to climb up it and watch the game from the roof.

And so he did; and an excellent view of the match he got.

"And nothing to pay," he said. "I'm in luck's way."

But he spoke too soon. When the match was over and he started to clamber down again a great, burly policeman was waiting for him! And some of the crowd were staying behind to see what was going to happen. "It's a cat burglar!" they shouted. "See how nimble he is!"

The excitement was too much for Jacko. He lost his balance and fell right into the arms of the policeman.

"Got you this time!" said the man, smacking his lips with satisfaction. And he hauled Jacko off through the crowd.

Jacko tried hard to get away. He said that he hadn't done anything.

"Well, I like that!" said the policeman. "And there's a gentleman sitting in the police-station now that's had his pocket picked in the crowd." And he hustled him along.

"Here you are, sir," said the policeman, when they got to the station. "Here's the boy that picked your pocket!"

But the old gentleman who was waiting there nearly fell off his chair. "You're a bit too clever, constable!" he gasped. "It's my grandson!"

Ici on Parle Français



La flèche La primevère Un écusson

La flèche a transpercé l'écorce
La primevère fleurit au printemps
Sa famille, a-t-elle un écusson?



Le cor Un asphodèle Le château

J'aime le son du cor dans un bois
Allons cueillir des asphodèles
Ce château fort fut pris d'assaut

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town, and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS		DEATHS	
	1926	1925	1926	1925
London	6205	6315	4931	5223
Glasgow	1943	1876	1331	1248
Birmingham	1279	1320	958	837
Belfast	811	825	568	568
Dublin	810	776	552	618
Edinburgh	533	560	447	499
Swansea	246	259	164	168
Southampton	218	236	167	179
York	115	118	95	91
Darlington	95	101	82	89
Gt. Yarmouth	81	69	65	85
Bath	54	63	77	82

The four weeks are up to Feb. 6, 1926.

Tales Before Bedtime

Dennis Goes Outside

ONE day Mother came into the nursery when Dennis and Carol were putting on their things to go for their morning walk.

"I want you to do a little shopping for me, Nurse," she said. "Take the children in a bus; it is too far to walk."

Dennis and Carol were delighted. They sometimes got a little tired of walks in the Park and loved to go shopping.

It was a March day with a fresh wind blowing, and as they boarded the bus Dennis began to climb up the stairs.

"Not on top today, dear," Nurse said. "There's a bitter wind blowing, and you have got a little cold."

"Rubbish!" said Dennis, forgetting his manners. "I'm not going inside the stuffy old bus: I'm going outside." And he clambered up the stairs as quickly as he could.

"Pass along inside, please," growled the conductor, and Nurse was hustled in before she could say any more.

Dennis sat in the very front seat outside. He really felt a little uncomfortable, but he pretended he didn't, and turned his coat-collar up and prepared to enjoy himself. How pretty the Park looked: the grass so green, the trees just thinking about getting out of their winter clothes, and the daffodils growing ever so fast!

"Oxford Circus!" shouted the conductor; and Dennis got up and made his way down



Dennis clambered up

the stairs—rather slowly, because he knew he was in for a scolding.

Nurse and Carol were standing on the pavement.

"Oh, Dennis!" cried his sister, in great excitement. "What do you think? Uncle Peter got in at Marble Arch, and just look what he has given me to spend." And she opened her hand and showed a shining half-crown. "And he's asked me to go to tea with Auntie and Sheila."

Dennis did not say a word; he was probably thinking that riding inside might not have been so bad after all.

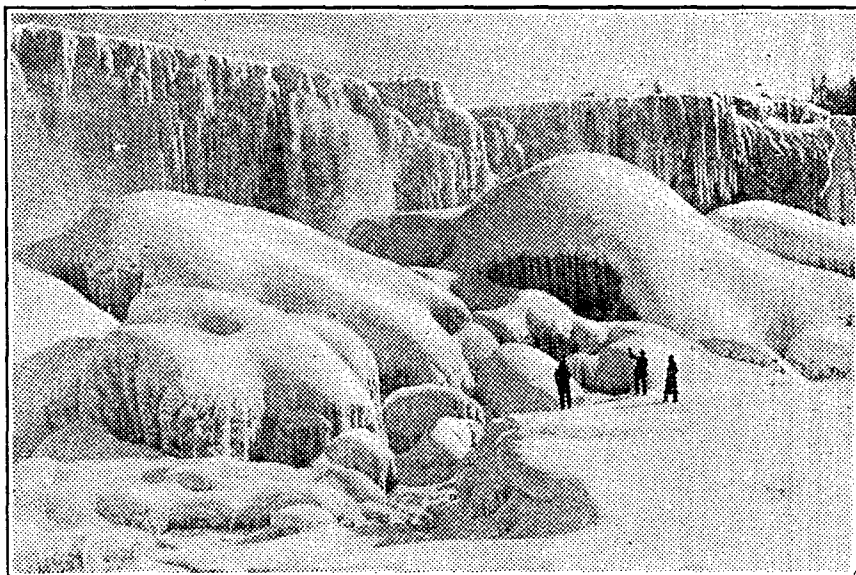
The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 6, 1926
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

NIAGARA AT REST · MOTORING IN THE ARCTIC · A WIRELESS SCHOOL



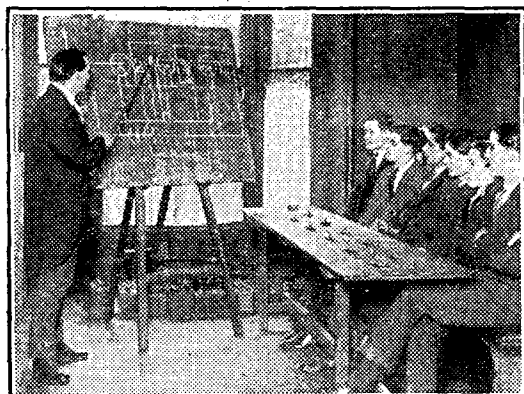
Niagara Takes a Rest—The frost has given Niagara a new and magical beauty lately, for an immense ice-jam farther up the river caused the flow of water to cease, with the result that the cascades turned into hanging masses of ice. Here the American Falls are really frozen.



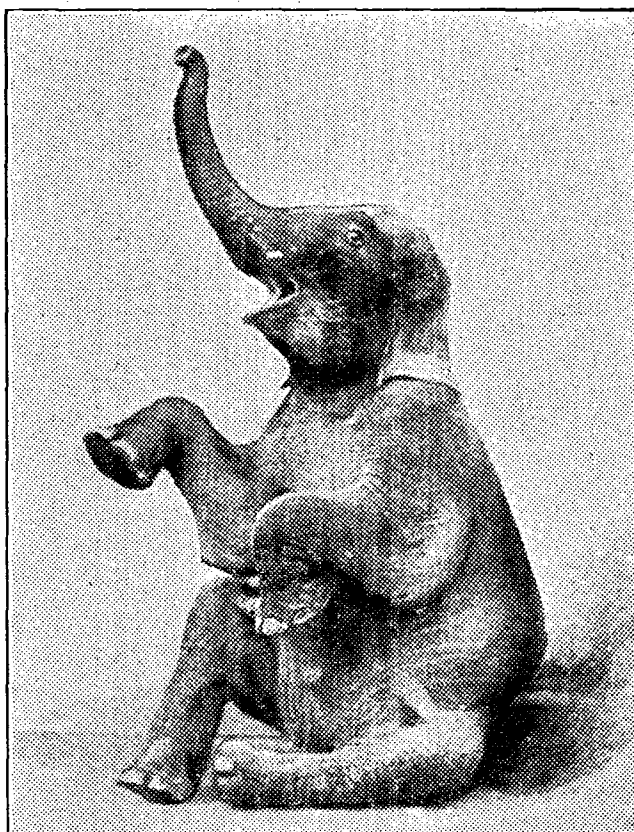
Motoring in the Arctic Circle—This snow-motor, which can negotiate the icy wastes of Alaska even in the depth of winter, is being used to take supplies from Fairbanks to Point Barrow, which will be Captain Wilkins's starting-point in his forthcoming Polar flight.



Yachtsmen All—Here is a jolly party of seven yachtsmen about to have a morning's sport with their model sailing boats on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens.



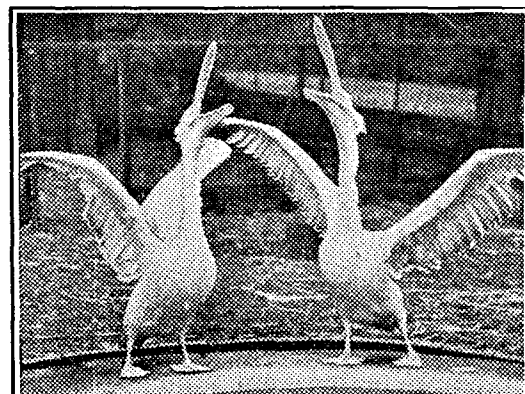
A Wireless School—At a special school at Forest Gate boys are taught to become skilled wireless operators in merchant ships, so as to be ready for appointments later.



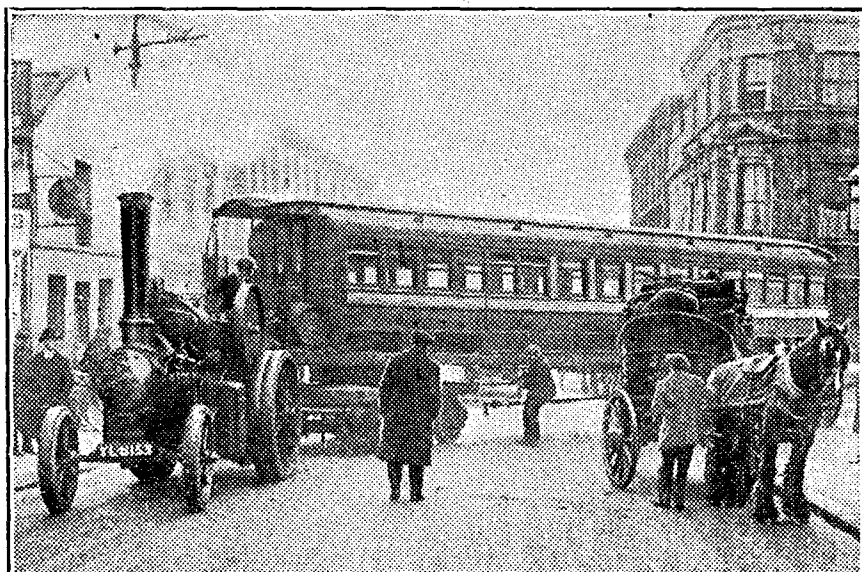
The Elephant Sings for Its Supper—This little elephant at Miami, in Florida, seems to be singing for its supper, and will no doubt continue its song till food arrives and it gets the just reward of its labour.



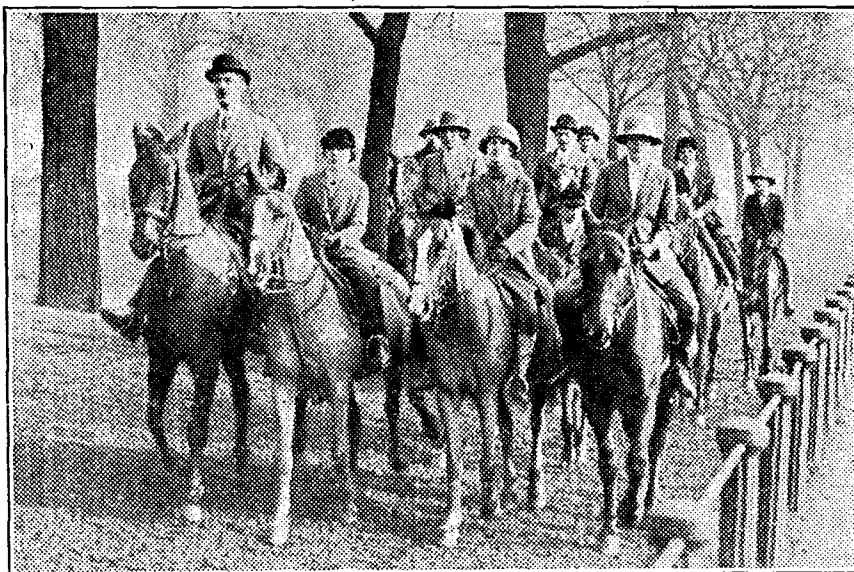
Business as Usual—Despite the turmoil in many parts of China, in other parts business goes on very much as usual, and here we see a native junk being unloaded at Tsing-tau.



Great Expectations—These pelicans are waiting for their keeper to throw them a fish, and they are great experts at catching the fish in their bills, rarely making a miss.



The Underground Above Ground—Here is the very unusual sight of a tube railway car going through the streets of London to be remodelled and improved at the works at Feltham.



The Riders of London—A ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park, is always a great source of pleasure to many Londoners, and here the photographer has caught a very large and happy party.

THE FOREST OF TEN THOUSAND YEARS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R